The Relief Society Magazine

. 43 NO. 9 Lessons for December SEPTEMBER 1956

Theirs to Hold

Alice Morrey Bailey

They gather summer out across the fields
When autumn purples and the year is late.
Where plowshares slip beneath the loam, earth yields
Her goodness to the harvesters. The weight
Of orchard boughs is loosed. The April dawn,
The pollened flowers of May are theirs to hold.
The dews of June cannot be truly gone
Where treasure lies in busheled red and gold.

And they will never let the summer go
Who capture it in bottles, row on row,
Fruit and tuber caught in shining tin,
And ripened stores in crock and pit and bin.
When coming winter blasts the land with frost
The season's root and leaf shall not be lost.

The Cover: Harvest Time in Central Finland
Photograph From the Finnish Travel Bureau
Submitted by Hortense B. Robinson

Frontispiece Photograph: Autumn in Yosemite National Park, California
Photograph by Hal Rumel

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

From Near and Far

I want to tell you that the *Magazine* has been a blessed spiritual messenger in our home while we have been in this far-off land. We have used its messages in our lesson work, in our talks, and in our family hours. We all read the stories and the poems and love every one. We have been holding our own little Church services here, as we are the only L. D. S. family in Tabriz.

—Lillie Argyle
Tabriz, Iran

I enjoyed reading the editorial "Frontiers" in the July *Magazine* (by Vesta P. Crawford), and I enjoy all the editorials of the *Magazine*.

—Dora Toone Brough
Tremonton, Utah

We visited one family, and one of the first things the woman asked was: "How can I get *The Relief Society Magazine*?" She said repeatedly how much she has enjoyed the material contained in this little *Magazine*. We tried to interest them in some other Church literature, but all they want now is your little *Magazine*.

—Elder Harold S. Barnes, Jr.
Cattaragus Indian Reservation
New York

I must thank you for so kindly sending my *Relief Society Magazine* punctually each month. I have been receiving it for nearly twelve months now. I thoroughly enjoy all its contents, particularly the visiting teacher messages as I feel they bring a great deal to the families we visit.

—Joan Burgess
Manchester, England

At the beginning of the year, my mother ordered *The Relief Society Magazine* and sent it to me. I have enjoyed the *Magazine* every opportunity that I was able to sit down and read it. I must say the Church has some choice literature.

—Elder James L. Pedersen
Selkirk, Canada

I so enjoyed Mrs. Parmley's article on family solidarity ("Outings and Family Solidarity," July 1956). The article by Preston Nibley about the Danish Mission is interesting, and, of course, Willard Luce's article on "Old Tucson" was a family favorite. It was nice to see our Idaho writers' contributions in the July number. Florence B. Dunford's story "Cathy and the Onions," and the poems by Mary Hess Hackney ("Each Day Is Mine") and Mabel Law Atkinson ("In the Quiet Harbor") are the kind that live.

—Frances C. Yost
Bancroft, Idaho

Thank you sisters for the help and strength and courage you send each month in your little *Magazine*. Thank you for your time and efforts that help everyone so much.

—Jean H. Hall
Fairborn, Ohio

The *Magazine* is just bursting at the seams with the most wonderful articles and stories, lovely poetry, news, and other items of interest, as well as information to help us in our duties as homemakers and Church members, plus wonderful counsel and inspiration from our leaders.

—Janice F. Esplin
Orderville, Utah

We are continually inspired with each issue of the *Magazine*, and hope to be able to share the pleasure it brings to us each month with the many new subscribers here in Hawaii during the coming year. We hope others will enjoy the information and pictures of the Hawaiian Mission (to be presented in November) as much as we have enjoyed the short visits to the other missions via *The Relief Society Magazine* so far this year.

—Maurine Haycock
President
Hawaiian Mission
Relief Society

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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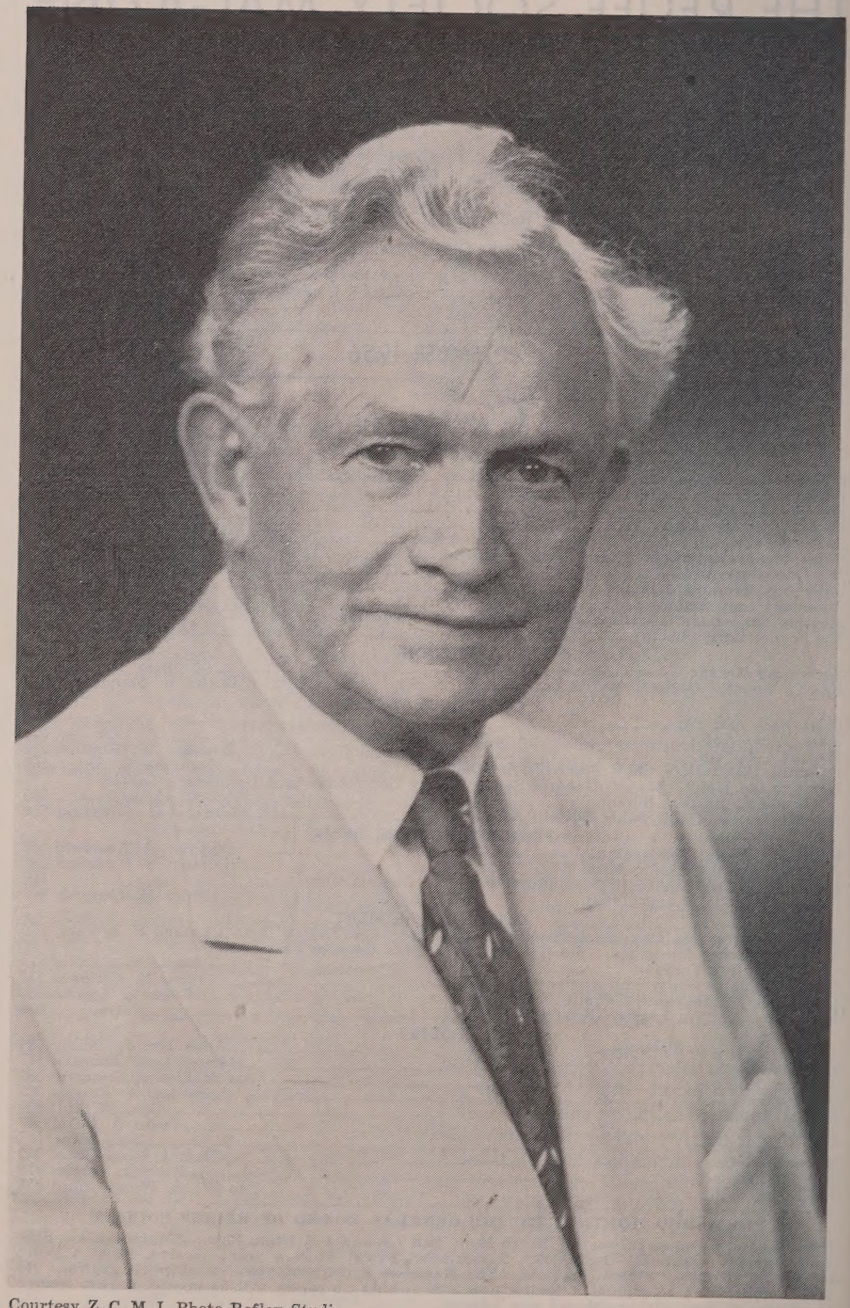

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PRESIDENT DAVID O. McKAY

A Happy Birthday to President David O. McKay

Mildred C. McKay

IT is a pleasure to wish President David O. McKay a happy birthday, and an honor to be asked to pay a tribute to a father-in-law whom I love.

I realize his greatness, his life of service, and his dedication to the Church, but I shall not write of these. Instead, I want to mention some of the little things that endear him to our family. Even a few words about President McKay must include Sister McKay because to us, as Papa Dade and Mama Ray, they exemplify ideal parenthood.

There is graciousness in the way they include their sons-in-law and daughters-in-law in the family. We are all their children. It is just a little thing, but flattering, to have Papa Dade say, "Have you met our daughter Mildred and our son David L.?"

They both love children, and the greatest event in the family is a new baby. When they visit the hospital to welcome a new grandchild, Papa Dade, with a twinkle in his eye, always greets the new mother with, "Many happy returns of the day."

President McKay's thoughtfulness includes all ages. Our daughters are tall, and when they were at that adolescent age of all arms and legs, their grandfather never said, "My, how tall you are getting," but always, "What a queen you are becoming!"

"A happy home is a heaven on earth" is one of President McKay's favorite comparisons. We all feel the love in his home, and know that he wants that same sweet spirit in the homes of his children. In the family gathering, Christmas Eve, after the carols are sung, Papa Dade always says, "And now sing 'Love at Home.'" I believe that he asks us to sing that song so that we will remember "Kindly heaven smiles above, when there's love at home."

Fueling the Flame of Testimony

Bertha S. Reeder

President, Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association

ALADDIN of *Arabian Nights* fame secured an old battered lamp of magical powers. By its aid he acquired great wealth. He bought a magnificent palace and became influential in his country. A wicked magician determined to gain possession of the lamp. He knew human nature very well; he bought bright new lamps and went to the palace, offering "new lamps for old." Aladdin's wife, knowing nothing of the magical powers of the old lamp, gladly exchanged it for the new one. Aladdin's palace, wealth, and influence vanished overnight.

Each youth in the Church has within himself, waiting to be lighted, the fire of testimony, worth far more than any Aladdin's lamp. Once it is lighted, no one except himself can take its powers or blessings away from its possessor; but unless it is kept trimmed and fueled it may go out — because the owner has been careless.

How this fire is lighted is a serious and difficult matter. Any fire to be lighted and made to burn has a pattern that must be followed. There must be tinder, kindling, fuel to keep the fire going, and a match to fire it.

The tinder for a testimony must be laid by the parents, neighbors, teachers, and officers of the various units in which the young person moves. Oliver Wendell Holmes said that if you want to educate someone you should begin with his grandmother. Thus heritage plays an important part in the life of anyone who wishes to gain a lasting testimony. Other things being equal, parents with a testimony impart that feeling for belief to their offspring. But we cannot stop with inheriting a good background in which to grow and develop a testimony.

The tinder of inheritance may be there, but fuel for the flame must be added by the person who wishes to gain a testimony. There is no substitute for hard work and study in order to gain knowledge and truth. No magical powers can give youth a testimony, no Aladdin's lamp can make it glow. There have been only one or two cases where a testimony came as a bolt of lightning, bringing conviction instantaneously. The conversion of Saul of Tarsus was one such instance. Yet—as we consider all of the facts in the case, were there not preparation and study and work on Saul's part before conversion came? Saul, both a Jew and a citizen of Rome, born in cosmopolitan Tarsus, studied under Gamaliel, one of the Sanhedrin, a man of wisdom. It was Gamaliel who said when Peter and the apostles were called before the council:

> . . . Ye men of Israel, take heed to yourselves what ye intend to do as touching these men . . . .

> And now I say unto you, Refrain from these men, and let them alone: for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought:
>
> But if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God (Acts 5:35; 38-39).

Even if misguided Saul fought against the Church, his training had been such that he recognized the truth of the miracle when it occurred.

The youth of Zion also have been taught correct principles — the tinder has been laid on which they may build. When eight years of age, they have been baptized and confirmed members of the Church. With the confirmation came a great blessing: the Holy Ghost was given:

> . . . even the Comforter, which showeth all things, and teacheth the peaceable things of the kingdom.
>
> . . . which manifesteth all things which are expedient unto the children of men (D. & C. 39:6; 18:18).

THE Holy Ghost affords the match which will light the testimony of young people. But they must be taught the power of this Personage of Spirit; they must have strong leaders who realize the importance of being true followers of God the Father and Jesus Christ his Son. True leaders will add to that which parents teach their young folk. Both will teach the true meaning of prayer, because it is through prayer that we come in close touch with our Eternal Father. Prayer becomes the compass that charts a true course back to our Father in heaven. Leaders help young people realize that our Father is a Personage such as we are, and that he is interested in our welfare and eager to give us our blessings, if we but ask them from him. As Jesus said:

> If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him (Mt. 7:11).

A boy in the service felt ashamed to kneel in prayer before his companions. He felt that they would deride him. So he would crawl into bed and then offer his prayers while lying down. One night he could stand it no longer. He knelt down by his bed and offered his heartfelt prayers to his Father in heaven. When he arose, he expected that the others would mock him. Instead, his companion said, "I am glad you are a boy who believes in prayer as I do."

One must live with prayer to gain a testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel. The first thing in the morning a youth should offer up a prayer for the day ahead; and the last thing at night he should offer up his prayer of gratitude for the day's activities. He should pray without ceasing, if he wishes his life to reach the heights.

He should add to his prayer, works. As the Lord revealed to the Prophet, there is no end to what we should learn:

> And as all have not faith, seek ye diligently and teach one another words of wisdom; yea, seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom; seek learning, even by study and also by faith (D. & C. 88:118).
>
> Teach ye diligently and my grace shall attend you, that you may be instructed more perfectly in theory, in principle, in doctrine, in the law of the gospel, in all

things that pertain unto the kingdom of God, that are expedient for you to understand;

Of things both in heaven and in the earth, and under the earth; things which have been, things which are, things which must shortly come to pass; things which are at home, things which are abroad; the wars and the perplexities of nations, and the judgments which are on the land; and a knowledge also of countries and of kingdoms—

That ye may be prepared in all things when I shall send you again to magnify the calling whereunto I have called you, and the mission with which I have commissioned you (D. & C. 88:78-80).

This comes as a commandment to all youth — as to all adults. The entire world is the object of a missionary program. Those who wish to participate in this conversion program will need to know the countries and the histories of countries, having understanding and love for all peoples, and adding that to their testimony of the gospel, which will bring added enlightenment to these peoples.

THROUGH a study of these things which the Lord has commanded us to learn, we shall come to know truth. Joseph Smith revealed ". . . truth is knowledge of things as they are, and as they were, and as they are to come . . ." (D. & C. 93:24). He said, furthermore, ". . . the truth abideth forever and ever" (D. & C. 1:39).

Young people need to know the truth. As Jesus said, "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free" (John 8:32). If they seek the truth, young people will find that their testimony will be firmly founded. They will not then be swayed by every wind that blows, by every new fad that sweeps by them, by every disaster that may overtake them. They will weigh and consider, pray, and seek wise counsel, and they will come to know of a surety that this is the true gospel, re-established by our Eternal Father for the development and joy of his children.

Thousands of our young people know that the Church is true, but sometimes they feel to follow the example of Aladdin's wife: they trade old lamps for new. They sell their precious heritage for a "mess of pottage," even as Esau sold his birthright to Jacob for food. A testimony is a precious thing; it grows by constant feeding, just as a flame must be constantly fueled in order to continue to live.

It is interesting to watch a testimony grow in a young person's heart. When World War II was at its height, a chaplain in the service was assisted by a young woman who had been appointed his aide. Every Sunday morning he brought her to Sunday School. It wasn't long before a spark began to kindle. She attended sacrament meetings and firesides, upon invitation. Soon she began to seek the truth and ask questions. Arrangements were made for the missionaries in the area to hold classes with her. Since the young woman's mother had passed away several years before, the girl seemed to desire companionship and understanding. A year of study and investigation passed, and then she came one night to the mission headquarters and applied for baptism. She was very humble and had a firm understanding of the gospel, which she had acquired by study and prayer. She was bap-

tized and confirmed a member of the Church. Since that time she has been married in the temple, is doing the work for her kindred dead, and living a good Latter-day Saint life.

IF I were a young girl or boy at the very threshold of life, I would resolve to have a plan or goal to follow in building that life; no great building or bridge or organization has ever been built by blind opportunism. I would not want to leave to chance the kind of life I wanted to build for myself.

Although I could conceivably draw the plans for my life, after all, a person in his teens is not very well qualified for such a task. Surely such an important job would require the hand of a master architect, and I would want the very best, one who knows more about me and my possibilities than anyone else.

Is such an architect available to young people in the Church? One such Architect is our Heavenly Father. He has drawn up for all a plan of salvation: the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Obeying the blueprint of the principles of the gospel: attending sacrament meetings, paying tithing, keeping the Word of Wisdom, keeping the Sabbath day holy, serving others, living by prayer, I would learn to know and trust in my Heavenly Father.

Obeying these principles, I would go forth confidently to build my life, realizing as any builder must, that the end product will depend upon no one else but me, the builder, I would guard my actions, my thoughts, my time, so that I would build a good life, one in which a testimony could flourish and burn brightly all the days of my life.

I would be alert to grasp every opportunity to improve myself, seeking help from many sources. To do less than my best in building my life according to the gospel plan revealed in these latter days, would be to let down myself, my parents, and my Father in heaven.

The real goal in mortality is the achievement by righteous living of an eternal life in our Father's kingdom. By living a clean, chaste life through prayer, by study, by observation of the principles of the gospel, I would build a testimony that will endure through all the eternities to come.

I would not exchange old lamps for new—but would find the fire of testimony lighting my path into a lifetime of happiness here and everlasting life hereafter.

Mother-Sculptor

Mabel Law Atkinson

How patiently she works with living clay,
Molding with willing, tender hands and heart
Each pliant form, no thought of self or pay;
But praying that the finished works of art
Reflect the Master, and as time unrolls,
Be flawless temples for immortal souls.

The Finnish Mission

Preston R. Nibley

NILS C. Flygare, President of the Scandinavian Mission, with headquarters in Copenhagen, wrote a letter to Albert Carrington, President of the European Mission, at Liverpool, under date of November 20, 1875, in which he stated that two Elders had been sent from Sweden, to preach the gospel in Finland.

"Two Swedish Elders have been sent to Finland, to open the gospel door for that nation. I have had very encouraging news from them; they have had a chance to hold meetings and the power of God has been greatly manifested in their behalf" (*Millennial Star*, XXXVII, 798).

These two first missionaries to Finland were brothers, Carl A. and John E. Sundstrom, members of the Church from Sweden. Converts were made and the first baptism was performed on May 7, 1876, "in the vicinity of Nikolaistad." Four persons were baptized during the year 1876, and in December a branch was organized at Nikolaistad — the first branch in the mission.

Other elders were sent to Finland in the years following and the missionary work was extended. Great difficulty was experienced by the missionaries on account of the severity of the laws. One law was to the effect

From the Finnish Travel Bureau
Submitted by Hortense B. Robinson

LAKE SAIMAA, EAST CENTRAL FINLAND
A Paradise for Boating and Fishing

From the Finnish Travel Bureau
Submitted by Hortense B. Robinson

A FINNISH SAUNA (BATH HOUSE) IN WINTER

Bath houses are situated on the seashore or on lakes or bays, and are typical of Finland. A hot steam bath followed by a swim in either summer or winter is a favorite recreation.

that when teaching the gospel they could not stand up; they were forced to remain seated. The number of converts grew slowly; in November 1890, the combined membership of the Church was thirty-five, including three elders and two priests.

President Ezra Taft Benson of the European Mission visited Finland in July 1946 and at Larsmo rededicated the land to the preaching of the gospel.

Finland remained a district of the Swedish Mission until it was organized as a separate mission on September 1, 1947, with Henry A. Matis as president. President David O. McKay and party visited the Finnish Mission in June 1952, and held a mission-wide conference at Helsinki. President Matis presided in Finland until December 1954, when he was succeeded by Phileon B. Robinson, who presides at the present time. On March 31, 1956 there were 613 members of the Church in Finland, located in fourteen branches. In December 1954, thirteen Relief Society organizations were reported, with 221 members. Hortense B. Robinson presides over the Finnish Mission Relief Society.

Note: The cover for this *Magazine* is a view of Harvest Time in Central Finland. See also "Recipes From the Finnish Mission," page 596.

Something Artistic

Frances C. Yost

ROMAINE had read the entire County Fair Book carefully, but she thumbed through the Women's Division again: Needlecraft, Sewing, Canning, Baking, Remodeling, Arts, Crafts, Painting, and Sculpturing. Why, the highest prize of all was given in the field of sculpturing. Perhaps it was for encouragement. Romaine remembered that the needlecraft, baking, and sewing booths were overcrowded with fine displays last year. Every housewife sewed and baked and did handwork, Romaine thought, but almost no one seemed to sculpture.

"What I could do with a prize like that!" Romaine said aloud. She fell to dreaming.

She remembered her high school days when she had carved a tiny horse and colt from an ordinary bar of laundry soap. Miss Rembrant, the art teacher, had wanted her to enroll in an art school after graduation, but instead, she had married Sam Wuthrich of Swiss decent, as soon as Romaine and her mother could assemble a suitable trousseau.

Romaine had then turned her artistic talents to homemaking. She looked about the home she had made. Surely she hadn't wasted her talent. Her home showed good taste. The entire house was attractive, though frugally furnished. Why she had refashioned the old cheerless kitchen until it resembled a Currier and Ives print, fragrant and wholesome.

Romaine had done lots of sewing and baking, and made flower arrangements for the fair. In all, she had taken seven blue ribbons for her homemaking accomplishments.

"This year will be different." Romaine doubled her fist with determination. "This year someone else can take the blue ribbons for pies, petticoats, and petunias. I'm going out for higher stakes, the sculpture prize."

Romaine knew if she were to have a piece of sculpture lovely enough to enter in the county fair, she must start working on it now. She had been making figurines from the children's clay for years, and she had tried her hand at whittling wood. But, to enter the contest, she should have something of size with which to work. Romaine remembered again the horse and colt she had carved from a bar of laundry soap. Good white soap was fine to work with, but you couldn't buy soap in a big brick. Could she make it?

"That's what I'll do. I'll make a batch of soap this very day!" Sheer perseverance registered on her face. There wasn't time this morning to go to the store for lye, but her neighbor, Mrs. Barnes, had all sorts of things on hand. Things she hardly ever used. Would she have some lye?

Romaine hurried next door to the Barnes' home. Mrs. Barnes, always obliging, mounted a kitchen stool and peered into the cupboard above the sink. Sure enough, from

the most remote corner, she drew forth a can of lye.

"Thanks," Romaine said. "I'll get you a can the first time I go to the store. I must rush now. I left the little children alone."

BACK in her own kitchen, Romaine sat down to read the directions on the lye can for making soap.

"What are you doing, Momie?" The children hovered about her, Karen eight, and the younger boys, Kim and Kent. Romaine knew she just couldn't make soap with the children around. The two basic infredients for making soap, lye and grease, were far too dangerous to work with around children.

"Look, Karen," Romaine spoke to her little daughter as if she were grown up, "if you'll keep the little boys outside in the yard until I call I'll make those doll clothes you want, after everyone is in bed tonight. Keep them busy and happy in the sand pile, but don't let them wander out of the yard. I've just got to make a batch of soap this morning."

"Soap!" Karen was only eight, but she knew the importance of soap in keeping two little brothers and their clothes clean. She hustled the little boys out the back door. "Come, brothers, Sissie will show you a new sand pile game."

"Bless her heart!" Romaine smiled, watching Karen herding her little brothers like a hen clucking over her chickens. "I must remember to make the doll clothes tonight, even if I'm dead tired."

Romaine locked the screen door to assure herself uninterrupted privacy while she worked. The recipe on the can called for six cups of melted grease, five cups of water, and one can of lye. Well, she had everything, if she had enough grease. She saved all her grease drippings, and she had quite a little suet trimmed from steaks and roasts. Still, when melted, it wouldn't make six full cups.

Romaine remembered the old home-cured bacon. Why they had had it two years or more. And no one in the family would eat it. Just the thing for my soap, thought Romaine, and she hurried to the deep freeze in the utility room, where she had tucked away the old bacon.

Romaine watched the grease bubling and melting on the electric stove. The directions on the lye can said the grease should be eighty-five degrees. She would use her candy thermometer to test the temperature. When the grease was slightly beyond the melting stage, the mercury reached eighty-five, so she removed the kettle from the electric burner.

Romaine poured five cups of cold water in her earthen crock, the directions had cautioned against using any galvanized container. Then, donning a long-sleeved shirt of Sam's and a pair of work gloves, and taking a long-handled wooden spoon, she carefully stirred in the lye. She had heard that dry lye was comparatively harmless, but moistened lye was deadly. She kept her head turned and refrained from inhaling or letting the fumes get in her eyes, as she stirred it until the lye was thoroughly dissolved.

ROMAINE cleaned off the grease from the thermometer and tested the lye solution. The mercury

quickly raised to seventy-five degrees. It was amazing that cold water and lye could reach such a temperature. But Romaine knew that even a cold solution of lye was not cold. In fact, it was hot and dangerous! And the hot grease was dangerous! She hoped the children would not come in now! She would be glad when she was through working with grease and lye. Soon she could miraculously turn them into white, lovely, sweet-smelling soap!

Slowly, Romaine poured the six cupfuls of hot grease into the lye solution, stirring continually, yet very gently, lest the grease and lye separate. It took about five minutes of stirring, after the last cup of grease was poured in, for the solution to become a thick honey-like substance. She knew then the chemical process of lye-eating-grease had taken place, and in the doing the whole was transformed into soap.

Romaine sighed with relief. She had finished the dangerous task with no interruptions from the children. Now she must hurry and clean up the mess. She rinsed the lye can in hot water, lest some particles of lye might remain and some little person get it out of the trash can. As she cleaned the utility room, she planned a quick nutritious lunch for the children and Sam. Soon she heard the children coming and unlatched the screen door.

"Momie, is the soap 'bout done?" Karen asked. "I'm so tired watching them."

"You're a good girl. All of you come in now and wash for lunch."

* * * *

ROMAINE opened her eyes to such a morning as Utah has on a rare and perfect day. It was the hushed moment before dawn. Somewhere in the mist-shrouded valley a cock crowed lustily.

"No wonder I'm tired," Romaine sighed to herself. "Besides the regular routine, I made doll clothes until twelve o'clock last night, and a batch of soap in the morning."

Remembering the soap, Romaine bounded from the bed, and grabbing a robe, almost ran to the utility room. She had turned the crock upside down last night, inside one of the sinks. Now she gently lifted the crock, and looked at the nice round mound of white soap. It was beautiful, and this very afternoon, while the children slept, she would start carving her figurine.

As Romaine went about her morning tasks she thought of Cyrus Dallin, the sculptor, and the immortal statue of the Angel Moroni, high upon the Salt Lake Temple. She thought of the pictures of the figure of David, carved out of stone by Michelangelo. Vividly, in her mind's eyes, she saw what had once been a block of stone miraculously turned into head, body, and limbs, each seemingly able to move. Why Michelangelo had even been able to show sadness on David's face. While she washed the breakfast dishes and Karen dried the knives and forks, Romaine pictured in her mind the gentle curves and indentures she would make when she started carving her soap figurine.

"There, we're through with the dishwashing," Romaine spoke sweetly. "Karen, you go tidy your room. Make the bed real well,

and I'll do the bunk beds in the boys' room."

Romaine's hands were busy smoothing sheets and bed clothes, but her mind was prematurely busy, carving a soap figurine.

"Momie, come and see." Kim and Kent rushed into the bedroom, and were swishing her skirts. "We have a surprise! Come see the surprise!" They hurried her to the utility room.

"Look, Momie, we helped you. We cut the soap in bars," they chorused. "It's all ready for washday."

"Yes, darlings, the soap is all ready for washday." Romaine managed to keep her voice calm while her heart thudded. She hurried from the house, lest the children see the tears she could not control. Later, she would gather up the crudely cut bars of homemade soap, and store them away for washing.

Outside, the birds sang in the hedges and trees, or darted over fields on either side of her. Neither her children nor the birds knew that her hopes and dreams had been cut in pieces by several gashes of a butcher knife.

WASHDAY and ironing day came and went, but Romaine could think of nothing but having something lovely to enter in the sculpture division at the county fair. There wasn't any more grease to make soap and, anyway, it was too dangerous to repeat with the children always underfoot.

Then one morning Sam came in from milking and said, "Romaine, the hay is all up, and there's a little time now, I think I'll borrow a mixer and get some cement and sand mixed, and pour the forms and floor for the chicken coop."

Romaine looked at Sam as he stood in the doorway. Sam wouldn't be classed as handsome, but he certainly was attractive, even in work clothes, with his shock of thick dark hair and his features lean and sharply defined. What had he said? Pour cement for a coop. Why! Why! Romaine's mind was revolving like a second hand. She remembered that Miss Rembrant, her art teacher, had told of a man in Florida who did all of his carvings in cement. Not hardened completely, just set-up cement. If Sam poured the cement for the coop now, she could use some of it and carve her figurine for the fair!

"What do you think about going ahead with the cement now?" Sam asked again.

"Sam, I think that's a wonderful idea, pouring the cement now, I mean." Inwardly Romaine's heart was pounding with excitement, but she thought it best not to bring up her plans about the leftover cement. She and Sam had many things in common, but one of them wasn't a love of art.

Sam, seeing the sparkle and excitement in her eyes, put his arms tenderly around her. "Gee, honey, I knew you wanted a chicken coop, but I didn't know it meant this much to you. I'll get things around right away."

The clock was nearing the lunch hour when Sam finally had the floor of the coop perfectly level. Romaine had walked out to see how the work was coming along, and

had taken her crock to fill with the remains from the mixer. The children were running ahead of her.

"Why don't you let the little ones put their hand prints along the side, Romaine?" Sam asked. He was tired, but he had the satisfaction of knowing his was a good job well done.

"Oh, goodie!" the children chorused.

Romaine stooped over the wet cement and started placing little hands on the surface.

"Bill Martin wants to use this mixer this afternoon," Sam called to her. "I'll take it to him right after we eat lunch. Guess I better wash it out before we go in the house." He reached for the nearby hose.

"Wait!" Romaine ran to the mixer with the crock in hand. "I, I want some cement!" She ducked her head into the mixer, trying to salvage the last of the cement.

"Look, honey, will you move so I can clean this thing up?" In his haste, Sam pushed her gently aside and turned the hose into the mixer.

Romaine stood, empty crock in hand, and watched enough cement for two nice figurines washed away. She dared not look at Sam lest her face register a spark of hatred. She turned on her heel and went to the house.

The house was dark, after being in the bright sunshine, and to Romaine it seemed a refuge for her grief. She told herself over and over, it was her own fault. She should have told Sam of her dream. She should have let him know what she wanted the cement for. But things closest to the heart are often the hardest to share.

"Are we going to raise chickens, Momie? Are we going to raise chickens to lay eggs?" The children pressed at her heels, leaving her no privacy.

WHEN Sam entered the door, she studied his face. No, he didn't know how deeply he had hurt her. His face showed only that he had had a hard day's work crammed into one morning. Romaine realized that mixing, pouring, and leveling cement all alone was hard labor.

She served the dinner. If it killed her, she would never let Sam know what that little dab of leftover cement had meant to her.

Sam and the children ate like hungry miners. Romaine nibbled at her food. She wasn't hungry. Inwardly, she complimented herself on being quite an actress, for nobody seemed to have the faintest notion that incased in her being was a broken heart.

The children took their naps and Sam went to his work. The hours straggled on. Romaine knew that Sam was truly a wonderful husband and father, but, even so, she did wish that she could inject just a trifle of her artistic appreciation into him.

Then, at last, it was night, and Romaine was listening to the little children saying prayers, and tucking them between clean, white sheets. Afterward, she gave a sigh and stretched herself out on her own bed. Later, she would get up and join Sam in the living room, and read or sew buttons on little play clothes, but, right now, she would

close her eyes and rest. It had been a long, weary day, but it was not physical exhaustion which had depleted her.

Romaine had an early breakfast ready and waiting on the table for Sam when he came in from the milking. As she waited, she looked at the calendar hanging on the wall. She had circled the county fair, which was just two weeks away. She wondered what kind of pie she would enter this year. Last year she had taken the blue ribbon with a luscious raisin cream pie. Perhaps her hot mince pie would tickle the judges' palates. And the apple struddle which she had experimented with, why that would be a fine entry in the original recipe division! And she could enter Karen's coat in the made-over sewing division. Romaine picked up the fair book for further inspiration, but all she could see was the sculpturing, with the highest prize of all.

"You dreamer!" She chided herself aloud.

"Who's a dreamer?" Sam asked, coming through the doorway with a sack on his shoulder. She didn't need a sack of flour.

"Sam Wuthrich, what on earth have you there?" Romaine asked, staring at the sack as he stood it up behind the kitchen door.

"Bought this late yesterday, when I was in town, but didn't take the time to unload it," Sam answered.

"And, pray tell, what is it?" Romaine asked again.

"Honey, this is what they call *sandcrete*. There's a whole fifty pounds of it. It sets up like stone, they tell me. Real good for carving, which you like to do, if it's still sort of wet. I'll bet if you tinkered with it you could do something real pretty. Now I'm not busy today, and if you'll fix up a picnic for us, I'll take the children to the zoo and the park. Better throw in some wading togs, and we'll make a day of it."

"But, Sam!" Romaine was too amazed to speak. She couldn't remember a day when she hadn't had the children hovering around, except when she was in the hospital with a new baby, and that time she went to help her father, when he was ill.

"You can have the day to do as you please, honey. And I don't mean washing and ironing, or wallpapering and painting, something relaxing!" Sam nodded toward the sandcrete, standing in the corner.

The words Romaine wanted to express seemed to form a big lump in her throat, but Sam seemed to read them as clearly as if they were written in the air.

"Do you think," Romaine's voice was almost a whispered prayer, "that I can carve it?"

"Of course you can carve it!" Sam replied with conviction. "You've had years of experience molding bread and pies and meat loaf. And when you get it finished, it'll probably take the sweepstakes ribbon at the county fair."

Romaine's face lighted up with a heartwarming smile. Sam looked at her and saw a new inner beauty. He drew her to him and kissed her fully and completely.

Romaine had to take deep, steady breaths, lest she glitter too much with happiness. Life was truly a thing of beauty!

Bulbs for Winter Blossoming

Dorthea N. Newbold

Garden Editor, *Deseret News - Salt Lake Telegram*

THE dreary days of winter can be brightened with a display of colorful, fragrant blooms of bulbs. Forced into flowering ahead of their usual blooming period, an early springtime can be enjoyed at close range by the apartment house dweller, or by the occupant of city or country home.

Hyacinths, tulips, daffodils, crocuses, and paper-whites can be forced into early flowering in your window garden, providing a few basic rules are followed.

For example, on daffodils you may have seen the leaves and stems form beautifully, and the flower buds begin to swell, but there the growth stopped, and the flowers never developed. This condition is termed bud blast or blasting. The main cause is lack of enough roots in the pot to enable the bulbs to carry out the full possibilities of flowering.

Diseased bulbs will act in the same manner; but it is possible to buy excellent quality, disease-free bulbs. Early planting, to allow time for the proper development of a root system, is of prime importance. This period varies somewhat with each different kind of bulb.

Simplest to grow are those bulbs which will flourish in pebbles and water. Possibly the best known of these varieties are the snowy paperwhites. The yellow Soleil d'Or and the white and yellow Chinese sacred lily are also good subjects for growing in water. These are all classed as polyanthus daffodils, and successful flowering should be the rule, but unsatisfactory results are seen too often.

First, secure firm top-size bulbs, as soon as they come on the markets. Store in a flat in a cool room until the last of October.

Use containers deep enough to allow the bulbs to be set firmly in pebbles with two inches or more of space below for roots. Fill the bowls with water, room temperature, to one-half inch above the bottom of the bulbs. Thereafter keep the water level fairly constant at the base of the bulbs. You will need to add water twice a week. Add a piece of charcoal to keep the water sweet.

A shaded shelf, either in a basement or utility room, where the temperature does not rise above fifty-five degrees Fahrenheit, is the best place to keep daffodils while the roots are forming. The main items to watch during the rooting period are to keep the water at the desirable level, to keep the bulbs in a dark, cool place, and to provide ventilation.

After three weeks, use a pencil carefully to push aside the pebbles to see if the bottom of the bowl is well filled with roots. When the bowl is full of roots, the daffodils can be brought into light. Avoid direct light until the foliage turns green. Then give as much sunlight

Dorthea Newbold

POTTED TULIPS

as possible to promote quick growth, which will mean shorter, sturdier stems. For longer lasting blooms, remove from the sunlight as the flowers open.

THE tender French Roman hyacinths can also be grown in water. These bulbs produce blooms that are a blue, white, or rose-pink. The bell-shaped blooms are not as closely packed along the central spike as are the bells of the Dutch hyacinths, but they are a lovely addition to the indoor garden. Allow them to make roots for about eight weeks in the same cool, dark place you have provided for the paper-whites.

The familiar Dutch hyacinths are easily grown in special hyacinth glasses, but are difficult to manage in bowls of pebbles. The hyacinth glass is quite tall, and has a cup-shaped top which holds the bulb. Only enough water should be used to keep it touching the base of the bulb. Refill the glass as needed. Dutch hyacinths must be stored in a cool dark place, and usually it takes about twelve weeks for the bulb to fill the lower part of the glass with roots. Then it will be three or four more weeks growing in light before the large bloom opens. To be sure that the stems and leaves are sturdy and strong, place them in strong sunlight as soon as the foliage has turned green.

While there are only a few bulbs that can be brought into flower by growing in water, there are many that can be forced in soil. Regulation-type clay pots, bulb pans, and glazed pots may be used successfully to grow the bulbs.

Whatever the type of container you select, the soil and method of growing the plants remain the important part. You will need two parts good top soil and one part leaf mold or compost. Mix in enough sand so that the mixture crumbles in your hand when moist. Place an arching piece of broken flower pot over the drainage hole. For drainage material, use about a one-inch layer of small pebbles. Fill in with the potting mixture to the level at which the bulbs will rest. Of course this will vary according to the size of the bulbs. After the bulbs are placed, add more soil, making it firm as you work. Leave about one inch of space at the top to allow room for watering.

THE early spring bulbs, grape hyacinths, crocuses, and snowdrops can be forced into blooming indoors. Plant the bulbs in shallow

Photograph submitted by Dorthea Newbold

A SPRINGTIME WINDOW IN WINTER

pots with the bulbs half an inch apart and barely cover them with soil. They should be left in a cool dark place for eight weeks. Water every five days. They may be brought into the light early in January or February.

Provide a moist, cold, storage place for tulips, daffodils, and hyacinth bulbs while they are filling the pots with roots. Place the pots in either a well-drained cold frame, or in a shallow trench. Dig the trench twelve inches deep and place a four-inch layer of cinders in the bottom for drainage. Place the containers in and fill in around the pots with peat moss or sharp sand. Add a covering of sharp sand, and cover with leaves or straw. This mulch makes it easier to get the bulbs out during the winter. Twelve weeks is a safe period to allow for the root-making processes. Then bring the pots into the house and place in a temperature of about fifty degrees. Remove any soil which may be clinging to the pale new shoots. Water plants enough to keep the soil moist, and, as the growth increases, more water will be needed. Water should be at room temperature. As soon as the foliage has started to spread, and the stems are well started, move the plants into bright sunlight. If you can keep the room temperature at sixty degrees, you will have much better results with the bulbs you are forcing. Always turn the plants so that they will grow evenly, and not be one-sided from drawing to-

ward the sun. These directions are for all bulbs grown in soil.

Tulips may be planted one-half inch apart and with just the tips of the bulbs exposed out of the soil. Water liberally before setting pots in the storage place. Some varieties which will force include: Brilliant Star, Prince of Austria, Price Carnival, General DeWit, Apricot Yellow, Ibis, and White Hawk. All of those listed above are the single early tulips. The double early tulips are not recommended for forcing. Others recommended are: Krelage's Triumph, Van der Erden, White Sail, Weber, John Gay, William Pitt, Red Pitt, William Copeland, Rose Copeland, Crater, and Princess Beatrix.

Daffodils should be planted with the tips slightly above the soil in the pot. Water thoroughly and set in storage. If they are planted in late September or during October, then the first pots can be started into active growth by the middle of January. It takes about four weeks for the plants to flower after being brought out of storage.

Try these daffodils: Carlton, Early Perfection, Golden Harvest, Helios, King Alfred, Magnificence, Rembrandt, Scarlet Elegance.

Dutch hyacinths are possibly the best liked of all the potted bulbs. Set a large bulb in a four-inch pot, or five bulbs can be set in an eight-inch bulb pan. The tips of the bulbs should be out of the soil. Water thoroughly after planting. Store for at least eight weeks. When they are brought into the house, the new tips of growth will be blanched. Keep in indirect sunlight and in a fifty-five degrees Fahrenheit temperature until the leaves turn green. Then they can be given direct sunlight. They will flower in a seventy-degree temperature, but the flowers will be much better quality if they are grown in a lower temperature. Forcing varieties which are highly recommended include Bismarck, L'Innocence, and Pink Pearl.

Autumn Tidings

Elsie McKinnon Strachan

Now migrant, feathered folk make noisy talk;
Beneath my sill, their chatter
Punctuating dawn; till, flight plans made,
With a whir, they scatter.

Now crispness marks the early morning air,
And flowers fold their glory;
While shadows lengthen toward that final page
Of summer's story.

The summer sun still reigns, round-faced and high;
The crow maintains his chidings;
But down these green-aisled hours, September brings
Autumn tidings.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, September 1, and September 15, 1896

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

RELIEF SOCIETY IN CANNON WARD (SALT LAKE CITY): Sister E. B. Wells spoke briefly upon the educational benefits of the Society, morally and spiritually, and what she realized it had been to the women in these valleys, and the vast work that had been accomplished for mankind through the Society. Exhorted the young women to take hold of the work and help carry the responsibility, while there were yet some of those living who had labored so diligently in laying the foundation . . . . President Horne gave some further instruction about the duties of the members, and told them that beside the record kept here the angels were silent notes taking, and they were recorded in heaven . . . .

—Editorial Report

ELECTIONS: Let us have honorable men and women for our officers, and see to it that we get them. Don't let us shirk our duties. See that all women are registered and vote, and also attend the Primaries. Keep abreast of the times; stand for our rights and do not be daunted.

—Editorial

THOUGHTS

On the Death of Mrs. Ellen C. Clawson

Sing, dear one sing, and shout for very joy!
In the world above the stars, where strife cannot annoy;
The incense from this lower world, of work so nobly done.
Will rise and bless thee ever, while countless ages come.

—Lydia D. Alder

WOMAN KNOW THYSELF: In these days when schools, seminaries, colleges and universities are being established to propagate the weal and wisdom of the world, let us not overlook a school for women wherein they can obtain a knowledge of themselves and the great scientific laws that govern their physical organization. This, indeed, should be made a point of every woman's education to fully qualify her for the crowning mission of life, that of motherhood.

—Ellis R. Shipp, Md.

CO-OPERATIVE STORE: The Woman's Co-operative Store has been removed from Main St. to the Nauvoo Building, on First South St., West, where they have commodious sales-rooms, and have also been purchasing new goods, and are very desirous of the patronage of the ladies. The store makes a specialty of its millinery and burial clothing. The sisters of Relief Society and others would do well to call before purchasing elsewhere, as it is hoped the store will be a success even though the times are a little hard.

—Editorial Note

OUGHT WOMEN TO WANT TO VOTE? There has never been a time in all our history when the American Republic so much needed the help of all who are interested in the perpetuity of this nation; women as a part of the nation ought to feel bound to give their best thought and work to its support . . . .

—Ex.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

TWENTY women are Members of Parliament in India's lower House of the People. In India a bill has recently been passed permitting wives, widows, and daughters to inherit family property and to dispose of it as they see fit. This is a great forward step in the area of women's rights. Many men fought the proposition, but Nehru said, "I believe that if any great advances are coming to India, they will come largely through the women of India."

GERMAN women still live up to their reputation for industry. All spring and summer, grandmothers, wives, and daughters have been working in the fields. Many young women are employed as translators in business firms. Many act as guides for foreign-speaking people. As a rule their English is excellent. Then, there are teachers and journalists. A surprising number of physicians' and dentists' signs bear women's names. Two German women physicians are on the staff of the United States Army in Frankfurt.

WHEN the medical school in Vienna first opened its doors after the war, a large number of Viennese women were among those who gained admittance.

FOR the first time American universities, ten of them, will enroll young women in Air Force ROTC courses this fall. Preparing to become women's Air Force officers, they will receive direct commissions upon graduation.

HALCYON House, in Indianapolis, billed as a "school of personal arts," is giving a course to help wives to help their husbands advance in life. Such items are examined as tactful relations with employers and with co-workers (and their wives), the art of conversation, general propriety, and graceful ways of doing everyday things.

BIRTHDAY congratulations are extended to: Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Forman Calkins, Sheridan, Wyoming, ninety-nine; Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Glover, Columbia, South Carolina, ninety-nine; Mrs. Georgienne Walters, Anoka, Minnesota, ninety-five; Mrs. Emma Lowder Webb, Parowan, Utah, ninety-three; Mrs. Elizabeth Wight, Brigham City, Utah, ninety-three; Mrs. Annie Newman Middleton, Ogden, Utah, ninety-three; Mrs. Laura Read Stephens, Salt Lake City, Utah, ninety-three; Mrs. Christine Graham Ericson, Salt Lake City, Utah, ninety-one; Mrs. Annie E. Gunn Joseph, Beaver, Utah, ninety.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 43 SEPTEMBER 1956 NO. 9

"And They Shall Teach Their Children"

NO one can rear a child today without often despairing over the little time that the child is in the home in his waking hours, especially after he enters school. Activities of all types are continually pulling and diverting his attention from the home.

Section sixty-eight of the Doctrine and Covenants gives some instructions from the Lord to Latter-day Saint parents to guide them in the proper rearing of their children. The commandments are focused on training children before they reach the years of accountability, emphasizing the vital import of those first eight years. By the time children are to be baptized their parents are expected to have taught them ". . . the doctrine of repentance, faith in Christ the Son of the living God, and of baptism and the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of the hands . . ." (D. & C. 68:25).

A love for his Lord and Savior should be a life-sustaining force rooted deep in a child's soul, never to perish. He should be carefully taught so that he understands that the Savior died for him and he should know the love Jesus showed in dying for him. The added knowledge of the nearness and dearness of his Heavenly Father to him at all times, as exemplified by his sending his Beloved Son into the world to die that everyone may go back to his heavenly home, may be recognized and expressed by the child in his prayers.

The soul of a child is so perfect that to enter the kingdom of heaven one must become as a little child. Childish faith, as one grows older, however, may shrivel if a mother does not continually see to it that it is constantly nourished. Family and individual prayers, family hours, reading of the scriptures together, attendance at sacrament meeting, at Sunday School, Primary, and, later, the Priesthood quorums and M. I. A., foster faith. Where a mother encourages her children's attendance she is nurturing their faith. Her own acceptance and example in supporting Church activities foster a kindred spirit in her children.

Sometimes a mother fails to evaluate blessings at their true worth. This may be illustrated by the value placed by one mother on that great blessing to be married for time and all eternity in a temple of the Lord. She seemed to weigh eternal progression in a balance against the wearing of immodest clothing; and the clothing outweighed the eternal balance wheel. Her daughter had not been taught a true perspective, and she did not have a temple marriage.

Another mother found it pleasurable to fritter away her time rather than to devote herself to the Church organizations. Her knowledge of the gospel shrank as she filled her mind with non-essentials. Another mother gave her services only to the community, which

crowded out and became pre-eminent over any effort on her part to build up the kingdom of God. Her daily living pattern shadowed the way for her daughters, who gradually lost interest in the ward activities and became inactive.

Nevertheless, no woman is in a position to judge another. Only an all-wise Father can judge. It behooves every Latter-day Saint woman, however, to seek by loving, understanding persuasion and effort, to impress eternal values on her thoughtless sister and, at all times, to set an example of righteousness in humility.

The Lord must be pleased with the mother who always has time for loving attention, painstaking care, and faith-promoting unfolding of the great plan of salvation as a precious gift to her children. The early telling and living of gospel principles nurture the seeds of faith in her children and give to them sustenance until each child grows, by faith, his own tree of saving knowledge.

—M. C. S.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Annual General Relief Society Conference and Dedicatory Service of Relief Society Building

THE annual general Relief Society conference will be held Wednesday and Thursday, October 3 and 4, 1956. Highlighting the conference will be the dedicatory service of the Relief Society Building to be held Wednesday, October 3, 1956, at 2 p.m., to which Relief Society members and the public are invited. The Officers Meeting will be held Wednesday morning, October 3 in the Tabernacle. Departmental sessions will be held Thursday morning, October 4, 1956.

Solicitation

Catherine B. Bowles

Let your life be like a bud—
Unfold with petals rare
Tinted and shaped in God's design
To become a woman fair.

Healthy, Happy, Lucky You!

LUCKY is the youth who has learned that health, success, and happiness come with clean living. Lucky is the youth who has learned that some things should not be touched or tampered with . . . that some things should be left alone.

Lucky is the youth who learns this lesson early in life, from parents and from the teachings of the Church — and who doesn't have to learn it the hard way.

Health and happiness and success are what our Father in heaven wants for us. And that is why he has given us commandments to keep — and not for any other reason.

Health and happiness and success are what our parents want for us. And that is why they give us counsel and commandments — and not for any other reason.

We have one mind and one memory — and it deserves to be clear and clean.

We have one earthly body which must last for a lifetime. Our Maker planned it that way. He knows what is good for us. He knows what will give us health and happiness and success and peace inside ourselves. That is why he has told us how to live; that is why he has told us to leave some things alone.

Lucky you; you don't have to learn everything the hard way. Lucky you; you can learn early from those who love you. Lucky you; you don't have to pay a painful price for learning how to live — you don't have to learn too late.

Be smart. Be clean. Be virtuous. Be healthy. Be happy.

BE HONEST WITH YOURSELF

PROMISED BLESSINGS TO WORD OF WISDOM OBSERVERS

"And all saints who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments, shall receive health in their navel and marrow to their bones;

And shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures;

And shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint.

And I, the Lord, give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them. Amen" (D. & C. 89:18-21).

Recipes From the Finnish Mission

Submitted by Hortense B. Robinson

Kiisseli
Berry or Fruit Soup

Cook berries or fruits with water until soft. The liquid may then be strained and only juice used, if desired. Add sugar to taste; then add about 2 tbsp. cornstarch or potato flour per each quart of juice. (First mix the flour into cold water, however.) Stir until flour mixture is dissolved and remove from heat immediately. Do not overcook or overstir. Pour into platter to cool. Serve with whipped cream. Makes six servings.

Kesa Keito

1 qt. water
8 small carrots
1 ½ c. green field peas, podded
1 small cauliflower
2 c. small potatoes
1 c. sugar peas
radishes
1 tbsp. salt
1-1 ½ tbsp. sugar
3 tbsp. margarine or butter
1 tbsp. fine wheat flour
1 qt. milk
1 egg yolk } optional
1 ½ c. cream }
little fresh spinach
finely chopped parsley

Clean and cut vegetables into small pieces. Cook in seasoned water until soft. Add spinach last. Add butter or margarine and then the boiling milk, finally, wheat flour beaten in cold milk. If you want it really delicious, beat egg yolk and cream in a soup tureen and pour soup over this before serving. Makes six servings.

Carelian Pot Roast

¾ lb. beef
¾ lb. mutton or veal
⅓ lb. pork
1 tbsp. salt
hot water

Different kinds of meat are used for Carelian Pot Roast. Provided pork is not too fatty, it may be used in the same proportions as the other kinds of meat. Cut meats into pieces the size of an egg, do not remove minor bones. Put pieces of meat into casserole or stoneware pot. The more fatty bits are placed uppermost. Pour enough hot water into pot just to cover meat. In the oven, the water evaporates, to some extent, and the uppermost bits of meat become brown. Let meat remain in oven for more than three hours. When done, the dish is served in a pot, in a casserole, or placed on a platter. Makes four servings.

Kalakukko
Large-sized Fish Pasty With a Hard Crust

Crust
1 ½ tbsp. salt
5 ½ c. water
5 ¾ c. or 3 lbs. rye meal or
partly wheat flour
3 ⅓ tbsp. butter or fat

Stuffing
4-4 lbs. whitefish, burbots, or perches
2 tbsp. salt
⅓ lb. fatty pork

Knead dough well; it may be solid, but not very hard. Roll out dough into oval shape on a board sprinkled with flour; let the rolled out dough remain a little thicker in the middle. Put scaled and cleaned, absolutely dry fish in a high heap on the rolled dough that has been sprinkled with flour, alternating layers of fish with layers or slices

of pork fat; salt each layer. Put the fish into pasty always with heads and bones, only clip fins with scissors. Cut big fishes into pieces. Liver, roe, and milt are also used for the pasty. Also miscellaneous fish or lake breams' heads may be used for the pasty. Fold coat of dough from two sides over the heap of fish and join the ends with water into one seam. Rub the pasty with rye flour and put it immediately into hot oven. When the pasty has formed a crust and becomes a little brown, brush the flour off from the surface of the pasty and rub the pasty at short intervals with a slice of pork fat. Let the pasty bake in a slow oven from five to six hours, which makes the fishbones perfectly soft. Near the end of the baking process the pasty may be wrapped into a moist towel or parchment paper, if you want the coat of the pasty soft. Thus wrapped, let the pasty mature in the oven for awhile. Serves 4.

The "Kalakukko" pasty is served warm or cold, with butter, potatoes, and milk (or sour milk).

Rutabagas in Casserole

2-4 lbs. rutabagas
water, salt
2 tbsp. margarine or butter
1 tbsp. wheat flour
milk
sugar to suit taste
1 egg, beaten
finely crumbed toast

Peel and rinse the rutabagas and cook them in a small amount of salted water until soft; then mash them. Add butter or margarine to the mashed rutabagas with the flour and sugar to taste. Then add milk and egg. Pour the mixture into a casserole, sprinkle finely crumbed toast on the top of the mixture, and bake in oven. Potatoes and carrots may be substituted for rutabagas. Makes six servings.

Liver and Rice in Casserole

1¼ c. rice
1¼ c. water
5½ c. milk
1 egg
2 tbsp. margarine or butter
1 finely chopped onion
½ tsp. white pepper (powder)
½ tsp. marjoram
1 c. raisins
6 tbsp. ground liver
4 tbsp. syrup
salt to season

Rinse grains of rice, cook them in water and milk until nearly soft, and let the porridge cool. Mix beaten egg, browned onion, syrup, seasonings, rinsed raisins, and finely chopped or ground liver into porridge. Pour the mixture into a buttered casserole and let it bake in a moderate oven for about one hour. Serve with melted butter and cranberry sauce. Makes six servings.

Mammi

An Easter dish in Finland, made of rye meal and malt

8-10 qts. water
½ lb. malt
½ tsp. salt
6 tbsp. ground orange peel
4½ lbs. rye meal

Mix into two quarts of the water, one-quarter of the malt and a little rye meal. Sprinkle a thick layer of malt and rye meal on the surface, cover the kettle well, and leave it in some warm place for one hour. Then stir the meal and the water in the kettle so that they mix and add some more water. Sprinkle malt and meal on the surface, cover the kettle and let the mixture sweeten for about one hour. Continue this process until all the water and malt have been used up. The last portion of water is added boiling. So much meal should be used that "Mammi" resembles thin porridge; add seasoning and cook "Mammi" for awhile, stirring all the time. Beat it until it is quite cool. Fill small casseroles half full and bake "Mammi" in a comparatively hot oven for about three hours. Boxes, instead of casseroles, made of birch bark give more flavor and are best. Serve "Mammi" cold with cream and sugar. Serves 6.

Helps for Accompanists

Roy M. Darley
Assistant Tabernacle Organist

[Address Delivered in the Music Department Meeting of the Annual General Relief Society Conference, September 29, 1955]

THE subject given me to discuss this morning is of vital concern, for it is universally important in every meeting of the Church. The music rendered at the beginning of a Church service influences the spiritual level of the meeting that follows. The organist is the first to indicate the commencement of the Church service with the organ prelude and is also the last to exalt his listeners with the postlude. As a Relief Society organist, you hold a position as important as that of any other organist in the Church, and your preparation should be as careful and thorough as it would be for any other meeting.

Keeping in mind that the prelude creates the spiritual setting for the meeting, use great care to select and master appropriate music. Use the prelude to improve your talent; make it an opportunity to perfect technique and registration, so that it becomes a song of praise to our Father in heaven.

Careful consideration in selecting repertoire for your meetings will result in your raising the standards of your musical endeavor and, in turn, raising the standard of our Church music. You could use your monthly leadership meeting to good advantage by having the organists from each ward bring their very best preludes to leadership meeting and exchange suggestions for good prelude music. Eight organists contributing two prelude suggestions in leadership meeting would result in organists of that stake having sixteen preludes; in other words, enough preludes for four months' use. Title, composer, and publisher are important items in furnishing adequate information.

As an organist, you are the right-hand aid of the chorister. Remember, there can be only one head to any organization, and in Church music that is the chorister. Wise is the conductor who will bring the organist into her planning of the music. There is a joy in working together.

On occasion, you will have the opportunity to play an organ solo. Use this as a challenge, a new goal to reach, an achievement to accomplish. Have the organists bring two or three favorite solo suggestions to leadership meetings. The organ solo is something very special and should have melody, beauty, and should fit into the spirit of the meeting.

Avail yourselves of any and all opportunities to improve your talents. The Church provides excellent training through Church organ classes — a Course I and a Course II at $5 per course. Avail yourselves of this opportunity to join a class, for you can accomplish a great deal in this period of study.

In working on preludes, solos, and hymns, the registration chart which follows has been designed to help

you with registration on the Baldwin, Connsonata, and Hammond pipe organ. As you will notice, a soft, *mezzo forte* (medium loud), and *forte* (loud) registration are given for all of these organs. This chart is designed to give general helps and suggestions and in no way does it mean there are not other excellent registrations to be found. We trust they will guide you in your study of the instrument.

ORGAN ENSEMBLE REGISTRATION

For Pipe Organ, Baldwin, Connsonata and Hammond

FIVE SET PIPE ORGAN

Based On The Following:

8′ Dulciana
8′ Salicional
8′ Voix Celeste
8′ Gedeckt or Rohr Flute
8′ Diapason

	PEDAL	SWELL	GREAT
SOFT	16′ Gedeckt 8′ Cello or Flute	8′ Dulciana 4′ Dulcet	8′ Salicional 8′ Dulciana 4′ Dulcet
MEDIUM	16′ Gedeckt 8′ Cello 8′ Flute	8′ Dulciana 4′ Dulcet 8′ Salicional 8′ Gedeckt	8′ Dulciana 4′ Dulcet 8′ Gedeckt 4′ Flute 8′ Salicional 4′ Salicet
FORTE	16′ Bourdon 16′ Gedeckt 8′ Flute 8′ Cello 8′ Diapason	8′ Dulciana 4′ Dulcet 8′ & 4′ Salicional 8′ & 4′ Gedeckt 8′ Diapason	8′ Diap. & 4′ Octave 8′ Ged. & 4′ Flute 8′ & 4′ Salicional 8′ & 4′ Dulciana

BALDWIN ORGAN — MODEL 5

	PEDAL	SWELL	GREAT
SOFT	16′ Dulciana 8′ Great to Pedal	8′ Salicional	8′ Melodia 8′ Dulciana
MEDIUM	16′ Dulciana 8′ Cello 8′ Great to Pedal	8′ Stopped Flute 8′ Salicional 4′ Flute	8′ Diapason 8′ Melodia 8′ Dulciana Swell to Great
FORTE	16′ Dulciana 16′ Bourdon 8′ Flute 8′ Cello Great to Pedal	8′ Violin Diapason 8′ Stopped Flute 8′ Salicional 4′ Flute 4′ Salicet	8′ Diapason 8′ Melodia 8′ Dulciana 4′ Octave Swell to Great

CONNSONATA ORGAN

	PEDAL	SWELL	GREAT
SOFT	16′ Gedeckt 8′ Great to Pedal	8′ Gedeckt 8′ Salicional	8′ Dulciana 4′ Great to Great 8′ & 4′ Swell to Great
MEDIUM	16′ Bourdon 16′ Gedeckt 8′ Great to Pedal	8′ String Diapason 8′ Harmonic Flute 8′ Echo Salicional	8′ Open Diapason 8′ Gross Flute 8′ Gamba 4′ Great to Great
FORTE	16′ Gedeckt 16′ Bourdon 16′ Major Bass 8′ Great to Pedal	8′ String Diapason 8′ Harmonic Flute 8′ Viole de Gamba 4′ Swell to Swell	8′ Open Diapson 8′ Gross Flute 8′ Gamba 4′ Great to Great 8′, 4′, 2′ Swell to Gt

HAMMOND ORGAN — CHURCH MODEL

SOFT	006024000 — 8′ & 4′ Flute 002340000 — Kleine Erzahler 001233321 — Keen Strings also Swell D and Great D
MEDIUM	005354222 104503011 006755222 also Swell E, F and Great E
FORTE	005645344 306706015 226767554 also Swell G and Great G, F

SUGGESTED ORGAN REPERTOIRE

Collection of Postludes	Holler	H. W. Gray Co., Inc.
25 Pieces for Small Organ	Schreiner	
Devotional Organ Album	Asper	
Organ Voluntaries, Vol. I & II	Schreiner	
Reed Organ Selections		O. Ditson
Forty-Three Organ Voluntaries		Lorenz
Harkers Harmonium Collection		G. Schirmer
Ninety-Three Pieces for the Hammond Organ (compiled—Jackson)		G. Schirmer
Gems of Masterworks (compiled—Paul Tonner)		T. Presser
Chancel Echos for the Organ (compiled—W. M. Felton)		T. Presser
Treasures from the Masters (edited—Wilfred Tromblay)		Ethel Smith Music
At The Console (with Hammond Organ registration Felton)		T. Presser
Organ Melodies	Landon	T. Presser
Ten Original Compositions For the Organ		O. Ditson

The Chocolate Box

Dorothy Oakley Rea

SINCE then we've had a player piano, a new car, and a television set. Still the greatest luxury that came into our lives was the pink box of chocolates . . . the one with the picture of the laughing Gibson Girl on top.

It was Mama's habit of economy that made the night of the chocolate box such a shining memory.

It was Saturday night. Mama had put on her good broadcloth coat, her plumed hat, and her inherited fur piece.

"You may go to the store with me and carry the shopping bag," she told me.

We left the other six children playing cylinder records on an old music box.

I can see Mama now, walking down the boardwalk of the mining town in her high-buttoned shoes. The general store, a two-story rock structure in the middle of town, stood with smoke-darkened houses huddled around it like frightened puppies.

Whenever Mama entered the store, the miners would pause in their loud laughter and remove their caps.

Mama was very pretty. I thought she looked like Pearl White standing there with her plumed hat held high above her slim, straight shoulders.

She bought our Saturday night supplies, carefully inquiring into the price of each item. My tongue felt dry when she asked for the regular package of Kickapoo Indian worm lozenges.

Mr. Graham put everything in the shopping bag and said the bill was two dollars and fifteen cents. Mama started to pay him, when she saw the box of chocolates on the shelf.

It was a big box with a pink bow and gold letters. There was a picture of a beautiful girl on the top. Mama just kept looking at it. It seemed as if she were remembering the days before all the children, when Papa could afford to bring home candy and flowers. It seemed as if she wanted to forget for a moment, that Papa's job was long on work and short on pay and that the forty-hour week was far in the future.

She kept staring at the box of chocolates.

Mr. Graham said, "That's a right nice box of candy for only a dollar."

Mama stood fingering the coins in her small knitted purse. She looked around the store. I knew she was figuring how much flour or calico a dollar would buy.

Suddenly, her pretty cheeks were crimson to her hairline as she saw the miners watching her. She laid the money on the counter. "I'll take the candy," she said, with a sidelong glance at my shining face.

OUR feet had wings as we carried the groceries up the incline to our house.

"Wait until you see what Mama's got," I called as I bounded through the front door.

Out of the mesh shopping bag came the shining box. Large-eyed children whispered, "However did you get it, Mama?"

Photograph submitted
by Dorothy Oakley Rea
"MOTHER IN HER PLUMED HAT"

"I wasted a dollar," Mama said with the abandon of an heiress used to squandering fortunes.

Looking back now, I know Mama both loved and regretted spending that dollar. It was likely her one cherished extravagance in the long years of having and rearing children.

This I know, no other chocolates were ever so creamy, so sweetly brown, and so long to be remembered.

I can't forget the silken luxury I felt every time I looked at the pink box on Mama's sideboard. However drab the house, the town, or the day—the Gibson Girl smiled, the gold letters sparkled, and neighbor children were impressed.

The box stayed with us almost as long as Mama did. It moved with us from one small town to another through Papa's years of railroading. It always went with "the careful things," like Mama's heirloom dishes.

It even moved into the big brick house where Mama spent her last and most prosperous years.

The box was never empty. It held in turn, paper dolls, valentines, love letters, and, finally, the sheerest wisp of a wedding veil.

School Again

Lael W. Hill

Beyond the heavy doors, the stolid walls,
The last of summer lingers lonely-hearted
On paths where even now a bright leaf falls,
Whence even now the robins have departed.
Where once the children's gamin laughter pealed,
Where once their dusty feet and freckled faces
Starred summer ways like daisies in a field,
Approaching autumn threads her frosty laces.

Within the stolid walls, the heavy doors,
Hands pattern restlessness, whispers run swishing,
Rows of small feet fret across worn floors;
Each wistful pair of eyes, remembering, wishing,
Turns from the leaf-like rustle of a book
To give to summertime one last long look.

Little Boy Reading a Book

Evelyn Dorio

IS there a more wonderful sight anywhere than a little boy reading a book to himself? Listen to the chuckling sound he makes! It isn't included in the musical keyboard, because no one ever captured it long enough to place it properly. It isn't quite a sharpened flat sound nor yet a flattened sharp sound; it isn't in proper fifths or ninths; yet it is a most natural sound — that reading chuckle!

The reading chuckle is different from the shout of football or baseball; different from the "peanut crackling" of the Wild West matinee, or the "roof raising ha-ha" of television. No, indeed, the reading chuckle is rather elegant in parts, an educated sound!

Close observation reveals that the reading chuckle begins with a mild "H'm, h'm," and then adds up to a slur of "h'mmmmm, h'mmmmm," as a boy keeps chasing words across the page. Then the whole chuckle may disappear except for the background of bubbles that float out of his open mouth. The boy now turns the page and opens his eyes wider the better to devour the words! "Hey! Heycyeycy!" he warns the hero who is scrambling from paragraph to paragraph. The boy adds a piccolo whistle and "Yeeeecow! Yeeecowowowow!" This means danger to the hero, and the boy switches on a little red counterpoint beneath his voice. "He, he! Ho, ho!" he pipes from the top of his head (where little boys always hoard their favorite squeaks!) and then a broad and yellow-colored "Ahahahah!" which blows directly out of his relaxing lips, tells you everything came out all right.

Notice, next, the reading position a little boy assumes while he's reading a book to himself! It's a jackknifed and two-story-sprawl position! First the book is over his head, then his head is over the book. Or the book's forward, no, it's backward, no, it's two-way animation! Now the book's an incompleted forward pass over his ears, and then it's a straight pitch, unless it could be behind the catcher! Now he slaps down the book or maybe slaps his own tummy in the tumult! So that when he groans "Oh, chohoh!" you can't tell whether it's for his tummy or for his book! Then he'll surprise you by settling down to the forward look: elbows anchored, book anchored, mind anchored.

But don't miss that special star-spangled face a little boy wears while he's reading a book! You can observe this best, if you speak to him. "It's bedtime, Son!" you say. But he doesn't really hear you. He may look at you, all right, but through a pair of clear and sparkling marbles, and he doesn't see you at all, even in the electric light. You feel as though you're talking to a star; as though you're disturbing a new star.

There isn't a more wonderful sight anywhere than a little boy reading a book to himself!

Intentions and Actions

Celia Luce

WE see only the actions of other people, but we judge ourselves by our intentions. Our intentions are usually much better than our actions.

We could improve our world if we would take the trouble to find out the intentions of others, and consider their actions in the light of their intentions.

And how much better a person I might be if I would take myself to task for my actions, and be very sure that they are my best possible effort.

Meeting Objections in Selling the Relief Society Magazine

Clara Love

Magazine Representative, Granite Stake (Utah)

[Discussion Presented in the *Magazine* Department Meeting, Annual General Relief Society Conference, September 29, 1955]

THE *Magazine* representatives have a specific mission. We are striving to place in the homes of the people in our wards and stakes *The Relief Society Magazine*. We must also help the women to receive full benefit from it. The *Magazine* must be read, or it cannot fulfill the purpose for which it is published.

This may not be an easy task, but if we value our calling and have a love for the work we are doing, we can accomplish much. If the *Magazine* means much to us and we enjoy reading it, then we can encourage others to do the same. We should know what our *Magazine* contains and be prepared to tell others about it. We must know the worth of it and what an influence for good it can be in the home.

We want to make friends for our *Magazine*, and so each visit we make should be a pleasant and happy experience for those we contact and for ourselves. When we meet our subscribers we should be interested in them. Ask if they are receiving their *Magazine* and how they are enjoying it. Always have something interesting to pass on whenever the opportunity presents itself.

We will meet objections from time to time, and so we must prepare ourselves as best we can to meet them.

One objection: *I haven't time to read.*

If we have a little advance information about the family we are to visit, and know something of their interests, their needs, and, possibly, a little about their Church activities, this might help us in our approach.

Perhaps we discovered that poetry was the thing a certain woman was most interested in. Let her see what our *Magazine* has to offer along these lines. Thumb through the pages and point out just how many poems each issue contains. Offer to leave one of the *Magazines* with her for a few days, so she can more fully enjoy the reading of the poems.

Appeal to her in other ways. Every woman loves to receive a new and interesting recipe. Choose one that you particularly enjoyed and share it with her. If you have tried the Chicken Casserole that is in the September 1955 issue of the *Magazine* (page 596), tell her what a hit it made with your family and suggest she try it.

You might ask if she is keeping the *Magazine* in a place where it can easily be picked up, maybe on a table close to her favorite chair, where, during the day, when she

finds a moment to relax she can have her *Magazine* handy and read something from it. She might enjoy reading just before she retires. If her *Magazine* is on the night stand next to her bed, it will be easy for her to pick it up and read a short story that will only take five or ten minutes. If she continues this practice, her *Magazine* will prove valuable to her, and she will want to read it. In the course of her reading she might find an interesting article that some member of her family would enjoy reading, too. She could leave the *Magazine* open to this particular page, and, when the opportunity presented itself, without any fuss in trying to find the page or even trying to find the *Magazine*, there it would be for her to give to the interested members of her family.

ANOTHER objection: *We Have an Excess of Magazines.*

How can we arouse this person's interest? First of all, be interested in the publications she now has in her home. Compliment her on the fine choice of reading material she has selected. Then let her see your *Magazine*. People like to see what they are buying. Be enthusiastic about it. Point out some of its fine features. For example: the attractiveness of the cover, the quality of the paper, the clear and readable print, and the limited but high type advertising it contains. All mothers want their families to enjoy the best books and magazines so they can cultivate good reading habits, and so we know she will want to include our *Magazine* in her collection.

I was talking to a young mother last week, and in the course of the conversation she told me that her son had come home from school with the assignment to bring a copy of the Preamble to the Constitution to class next morning. It was too late to get to the library; she had looked through all the current magazines she had, but was unable to find it. Suddenly she remembered attending a Relief Society class and the lesson was on the Constitution. She recalled that they all recited in unison several times the Preamble. She immediately gathered her *Magazines* together and in just a few minutes she found what she was looking for. She hadn't been too interested in the *Magazine* before, but this little incident aroused her interest enough so that she began reading the material contained in the *Magazine*. She was delighted at what she found, and I know that *The Relief Society Magazine* will have preference above the other magazine from now on in her home.

Another objection: *Why Not Have One Church Magazine?*

This might be a fine idea, but think how hard it would be to carry this large book to our meetings and, inasmuch as the Relief Society lessons are in the *Magazine*, it would be necessary to take it.

Don't you think our present *Magazine* is a much better size? It is small enough so that it can be easily tucked into our purses, and wherever we go, we can always have good reading material at our fingertips. How privileged and blessed we are to have a *Magazine* of our very own, edited and published by

inspired women who bring to us the gospel ideals along with the counsel and advice we need in our daily living.

Think how difficult it would be for a child to handle such a large book. If he has to thumb through several pages to find the section he is interested in, naturally the pages become soiled and possibly torn; some could even be torn out and lost, and then the magazine would lose some of its value, and, as most women take pride in keeping their *Magazine* clean, so it can be bound for future reference, it would lose its attractiveness and value.

Another drawback would be the expense of compiling and mailing such a book. It could be possible that we would not be able to afford this type of publication.

Another thing, three or four members of a family might want to use the magazine at the same time. Father might need it to get a little information for his Priesthood lesson; Johnny might need it because he must give a talk in M.I.A.; Mother would just have to have it to prepare her Relief Society lesson! You can see this could present quite a problem.

I can't afford it is another objection we hear from time to time. Have we ever stopped to consider just how little the *Magazine* actually costs? For twelve and one-half cents a month we can have the finest reading material available delivered directly to our homes. Where else can one find such value for so little?

With a little planning, we can save our money very easily. We could obtain a small dime bank and each month place ten or fifteen cents in it, and in this way our money would be ready for our *Magazine* representative when she calls for our renewal.

When the *Magazine* was first published the price of the publication was $2. This was really a lot of money to those women, but they worked and struggled to earn the price of the subscription. Today, we receive our magazine for $1.50. How wonderfully blessed we are!

One sister keeps a little glass jar handy, and every time she finds a penny or a nickel on the floor, into the little jar it goes. In a short time, with little effort, and no extending of her budget, she has the money for our *Magazine*.

We must have a goal and our goal must be high. We must labor diligently to reach it. If we are successful in reaching our goal, let us not stop, but always have the incentive to do just a bit more. We must never be satisfied, but always have the desire to climb higher and higher.

Again, let us consider our calling an important one, and as we go from door to door, our first interest should be to make a friend for the *Magazine* and a friend for Relief Society, and always keep uppermost in our mind, that we buy our *Magazine* to read.

Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Shakespeare—From *As You Like It*, Act III, lines 326-29.

Sarah M. Brown Makes Braided Rugs for Home Beautification

A woman of many artistic gifts, Sarah M. (Knowles) Brown, Nephi, Utah, still enjoys many of her hobbies although she was ninety-seven years old in July 1956. She has made many beautiful braided rugs in unusual designs and in many lovely color patterns. The homes of her relatives and friends have been made "homey" and attractive by gifts of her braided rugs, and Mrs. Brown often says, "You always braid much more than cloth into a rug, and you put more than thread into the stitches — you make a pattern of memories and dreams and ideals — and always you think of home."

Sister Brown, who remembers well the pioneer days of Juab County, has been a widow for more than fifty years. During the busy times of rearing her seven children, she served devotedly in Relief Society and acted as counselor to three presidents. She also served as Relief Society secretary for many years.

All her life she has loved poetry and has entertained public gatherings by "reciting" and giving talks on poetry. Even now, in her advanced years, she is able to recall many poems and she can recite them verbatim. To her, poetry is a mirror of life, enriched with the lasting beauty of words.

Mood

Vesta N. Lukei

Only
The lonely ones
Completely know the sea,
Its need for islands, cloud, shadow,
Gull's flight.

Refreshments for Entertaining

Rhea H. Gardner

One-Dish Party Refreshments

The beverages served with the first three recipes could be a light fruit punch, however, a glass of water is all that is needed.

Date Pudding

Bring to boiling point in baking dish:
1 c. brown sugar and 1 c. water
Mix together in mixing bowl:

2 tbsp. butter
2 tbsp. sugar
1 egg beaten
1 c. sifted flour
1 tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
½ c. milk
1 c. chopped dates
½ c. chopped nuts

Drop pudding mixture by spoonfuls into boiling syrup. Place in oven heated to 350° F. and bake for 25 minutes. Serve warm with whipped cream topping.

Ice-Box Cake

Bring to boiling point: 1¾ c. milk
Pour over one lb. marshmallows cut into small pieces.
Stir until they are all melted.
Add: 1 c. crushed pineapple.
When cool, fold into the mixture:

1 c. cream, whipped
2 diced bananas
½ c. maraschino cherries
½ c. nuts

Line an 8" x 8" baking dish with graham cracker or vanilla wafer crumbs. Save ½ c. crumbs. Pour fruit mixture into pan. Top with remaining crumbs. Put in refrigerator until ready to serve. Serves 10 to 12.

Fruit Salad

Melt 30 marshmallows over hot water with 2 tbsp. milk. Cool. Fold in:

1 c. grated cheese
1 c. crushed pineapple
½ c. nuts
½ c. salad dressing mixed with 1 c. whipped cream

Place in tray in refrigerator overnight. Cut into squares and serve with hot rolls, cinnamon toast, or nut bread. Serves 10.

Few party refreshments are more refreshing than a bowl of fruit. You may use all fresh, or fresh and canned or frozen, with or without a scoop of fruit sherbet in the center. A slice of nut bread makes it complete.

Party Breads and Cookies

Orange-Nut Bread

1 egg, well beaten
¾ c. strained orange juice
1 tbsp. orange rind grated
¼ tsp. lemon rind grated
2 tbsp. melted shortening
2 c. flour

½ tsp. salt
½ tsp. soda
¾ c. sugar
½ c. walnuts, chopped

Sift dry ingredients together. Add to liquid. Mix until just blended. Bake in 350° F. oven 1 hour and 15 minutes.

Date Bread

Cook on low heat for 15 to 20 minutes:

4 c. dates
3 tbsp. butter
3 c. boiling water

Beat until of smooth consistency. Cool.
Mix together 3 eggs well beaten and 2 c. sugar. Add to date mixture.
Sift together and add:

5 c. sifted flour
¼ tsp. salt
1 c. walnuts (chopped)
2 tsp. soda
1 tsp. vanilla

Mix just until flour is blended in with the other ingredients.
Bake at 325° F. for 1 hour. Makes three loaves.

A slice of either of these breads, spread with butter or creamed cheese and served with a fruit salad, makes a delicious party refreshment.

Pecan Puffs

Cream:
½ c. butter
2 tbsp. granulated sugar
1 tsp. vanilla

Add:
1 c. cake flour, sifted
1 c. pecan meats, ground

Roll dough into small balls and place on well-oiled cookie sheet. Bake in 300° F. oven 45 minutes. Roll puffs in confectioner's sugar while hot and again when cold. Serve with a beverage or light dessert.

Pineapple Cookies

1 c. brown sugar
1 c. butter
2 eggs, well beaten
4 c. sifted flour
2 tsp. baking powder
1 c. walnuts (chopped)
1 c. white sugar
1 c. drained crushed pineapple
1 tsp. vanilla
½ tsp. soda
½ tsp. salt

Mix and chill in refrigerator, then drop by teaspoons onto oiled cookie sheets. Bake at 350° F. 10 to 12 minutes.

Party Eggnogg

Holiday Eggnog

6 well-beaten eggs
¼ c. sugar
¼ tsp. each of ginger, cinnamon, and cloves
nutmeg
2 qts. orange juice
½ c. lemon juice
1 qt. vanilla ice cream
1 qt. ginger ale

To the well-beaten eggs, add sugar and spices. Stir in chilled orange and lemon juices. Cut ice cream in chunks. Put in punch bowl. Pour gingerale over ice cream. Stir in egg mixture and sprinkle with nutmeg. Serves about 20.

Heart's Bounty

Chapter 4

Deone R. Sutherland

Synopsis: Annie Griffith, whose father, with his family, has been called on a mission to the mountains to cut stone for the temple, is living with the Williams family in Salt Lake City, where she is studying, with Marie Williams, under the direction of a private tutor. Light-hearted Marie is an indifferent scholar, but Annie makes a fine record in all her studies. Both girls are interested in Parker Josephson, a neighbor, who has been for three years in an eastern university studying to be a teacher of the sciences. Marie has assumed that she is the one whom Parker loves, and that they will eventually marry, but at Parker's homecoming party, it is Annie whom he seeks out.

THE arrangements for Parker to teach at the University were completed. He made frequent excuses to come over to the Williams home, and he greeted Marie and Annie warmly when he happened to meet them outside. Marie always hurried to see him while Annie darted away. Both girls rode with him to Sunday School when Sister Williams was indisposed, and Brother Williams had another meeting to attend. But Annie was very careful to avoid giving Parker any opportunity to speak to her alone or to see very much of her.

Then, suddenly, there was something in the air that the adults knew about and hadn't told the girls. Annie laughed at Marie's curiosity. Then Parker came over one evening, less than two months after his return from his studies in the East. He talked very quietly to Brother and Sister Williams.

"Yes, it is true," he told them. "The Church has called me on a three-year mission to the Hawaiian Islands."

Marie and Annie had been sitting very quietly in the window seat, but Marie jumped up. "Oh, no," she cried, "you can't go; you've just come back from being away. It isn't fair."

"Now, now, Marie," Sister Williams soothed her.

"Marie, Parker has been honored and blessed to receive this call. There is no question about whether or not he is going. He is here to tell us simply that he is going." Brother Williams cleared his throat.

"I'll miss you all doubly now," Parker said. "It seems I haven't been at home long enough to get acquainted all over again this time. Were you going to say something, Annie?"

"We'll miss you, Parker. I know Marie and I have surely . . . ." Annie stumbled and could not go on. "Of course you must go," she finished.

Marie tossed back her head. "Of course it's all right for you to say that, Annie," she blurted out. "You're not going to be waiting the next three years for him to come home. Well, if you go, Parker, maybe I won't be waiting either."

Parker blushed to the roots of his hair. "Why, Marie, I wouldn't dream of asking such a thing from such a lovely young girl as you. I'm sure you'll do the right thing. Please don't make any threats. I'm going on a mission, and any personal life I have must be left behind."

Marie ran from the room, and Sister Williams followed her. Brother Williams shook Parker's hand and told him not to worry. Annie said goodbye and tried to slip by, but Parker begged her to wait a moment.

"I hope you have not misunderstood anything by what Marie has just said; I never . . . ."

"I have misunderstood nothing." Annie could not loosen her hand.

"Annie, Annie," Parker murmured. Then he squared his shoulders. "I have no right to say anything to you at this time."

"No, you have not," Annie flared briefly, thinking of Marie upstairs crying her heart out. "You just said you were leaving your personal life behind."

"You know I am doing what is right," Parker urged.

"Yes," Annie answered calmly. "Marie isn't quite as strong . . . ."

"Where will you be when I come back?"

"I don't know — with my parents," Annie said. "But Marie can write, for most certainly I will come to your wedding."

This time she was free and almost to the door before Parker could say, "That's what I really want—you to come to my wedding."

PARKER Josephson left on his mission to the Hawaiian Islands. Marie cheered up almost immediately.

"It is better not to be really promised to a person in this situation," she told Annie. "If I were, I'd have to miss all the fun this winter."

"There're lots of other fish, you mean," Aunt Agnes remarked dourly.

Marie laughed, "That's not what I meant, but you wouldn't want me to miss the dances and parties with the other young people, would you?"

"Not to be thought of." Aunt Agnes dropped a peeled potato in the salted water.

Annie stood by the window watching the snow fall. This was to be her last winter with the Williams. She really shouldn't let herself think about it, for her emotions were now so mixed up. She would be so happy to be with her family again and to see her brothers every day, but now she was sure she would be homesick for the Williams, her second family. The time had passed so much more quickly than she had dreamed it would, when she had run after her father's wagon that early dawn almost four years ago. She and Marie had grown up together. She had never had a sister, and now she had had one she was going to lose her. She looked at Marie with affection. She was like a gay butterfly haphazardly helping Aunt Agnes with the dinner. Annie decided she'd better get busy herself and quit mooning at the snow. After all, her family would be living close enough to Salt Lake City so there would be visits sometime.

Annie and Marie both received

letters from Parker Josephson, though the mail took such a long time coming the letters were months old before they heard. Annie hid her letter away with another older letter and refused to think about it. Marie read her letter aloud to the family and showed everyone who called. Parker obviously wrote with affection and high regard for her. There was no question but that Marie regarded Parker as belonging to her. Annie felt she had no right to think of Parker, and did not answer this letter as she had not answered that other letter. Nevertheless, there were many nights when Annie watched the shadows on her window, waiting for sleep to come, while Marie lay curled up like a ball, her dimpled fist tucked beneath her sheet, oblivious to everything.

Professor Peterson gave Annie a lovely scroll indicating the years' study she had completed, and commenting on her unusual abilities as a student. But the biggest surprise was yet to come.

"The Walter Academy has selected Annie as a teacher for next year. It is a great honor for a girl as young as she." Professor Peterson beamed at Sister Williams.

Marie squealed with delight. "Annie, you won't have to go away, after all. You'll stay in Salt Lake City. You can even live with us, if you don't have to live at the Academy!"

Sister Williams smiled with relief. "Annie, my dear, we won't be losing you after all. You'll still be able to visit your parents occasionally, but you'll have all the comforts that you have been used to."

ANNIE thanked Professor Peterson; her mind was in a turmoil. This was a way, an opportunity for her future, most certainly. But what of her parents? After all these years, surely they would be disappointed if she didn't return to their home with them.

Sister Williams saw the hesitation in her eyes. "Annie, dear, of what use could you be to your parents on a farm? You can be so much more use here in a lovely school. Think of the privations your father's farm has to offer a brilliant, lovely girl who is prepared with a fine education to teach in one of the best educational establishments available. There is no question, my dear, but that you must accept this opportunity."

"There is no question but that I'm thankful for this opportunity, and that I am indeed tempted to accept it without question, but I must counsel with my parents before I can give any definite decision." Annie forced herself to consider the possibility that she would not be able to accept it.

"There, there." Professor Peterson wiped his brow. "I'm sure there is no unreasonable hurry. Of course, if you must wait until you have seen your parents, then you must. I will find out what reasonable length of time I can obtain for you before you decide. It is, after all, only a month or two until your father moves his family down from the mountains."

That night Annie buried her face into her pillow. There was another reason she yearned to remain in Great Salt Lake City. A reason she must not admit even to herself.

She got up and found Parker's letter in her little trunk. It was too dark to read it, but she knew the words off by heart. "Annie, you are the one I am counting on seeing when I return. May all the blessings of heaven go with you." These two lines in a long letter recounting the wonders of his mission and the blessings he was receiving day by day had emblazoned themselves on her mind. But what of Marie? Her heart's tumult slowly subsided. She was faced with important decisions that she must make soon. She knelt by her bed until thoroughly chilled but, comforted, she felt enough at peace to sleep.

WITH the coming spring, Annie's parents moved from the mountains with their sons to their small farm north of Great Salt Lake City. Brother Griffith took his family straight there, so they might begin repairs and start work. The first necessary trip to Salt Lake came shortly after, when he came to the Williams' house to take Annie home. The long hours of work repairing their home and barn had made her father seem more weary and older than Annie expected. But she greeted him with a surge of joy. How could she wait to see the rest of her family?

"We'll start right off tomorrow morning. I expect you don't have much to pack?"

"Why, Father, I have a whole trunk of things. Brother and Sister Williams have been most generous." Annie smiled at him.

"We've no better friends in the whole world. It must be a sad wrench to your heart to be leaving them. But I've wonderful news to cheer you up. I have been to see the Davis family on my way down. Old Sister Davis is starting a school for the children in Davisville, and I've told them all about you. There's no question but that you can teach there next year, and it will be not such a long ride that you can't stay at home, though if the snow gets too bad in the middle of the winter, you may, on occasion, sleep in the old Davis home where there's plenty of room. But you'll be able to help your mother now, and that will be a real comfort to her. Oh, she'll be surprised at the young lady I'm bringing home. She's not been so well this last year. This mountain living has taken its toll of her health, no question."

Annie buried her face in her father's rough coat. "I'll be ready in the morning. I'm a fast worker, you'll see."

After her father had gone, Marie cried out that Annie was silly not to have, at least, mentioned the other offer to her father. But Sister Williams told her to hold her peace.

"Annie knows what she must do," Sister Williams said firmly. "There'll be too much work, I'm afraid, for your family on the farm."

Annie straightened her shoulders. "They've been counting on me to help, Sister Williams. I'm glad you see how it is; why I couldn't hesitate to go home." She put her arms around Sister Williams' shoulder. "How will I ever be able to say goodbye?"

Aunt Agnes abruptly tried to leave the room, but not before Annie had kissed her also. "It will be

almost more than I can bear to leave you, Aunt Agnes, for truly, if you were my real aunt, you couldn't have been a better friend to me."

Aunt Agnes buried her face in her apron. "Annie, Annie," came her muffled voice. "We'll miss you, my girl."

THE ride home was beautiful, though the wagon floundered in ruts and jerked them unmercifully. Spring hovered in the valley. Willows budded green, and birds sang on and on. The house was much, much smaller than Annie remembered, and the farm truly looked abandoned and in need of much work. Her father was already more than anxious to be home to start on the planting. Long before they reached the house, the boys and her mother had seen them coming and came running to meet them.

The soil on their farm was rich and dark, and Annie and her mother soon had vegetables pushing upward in straight, green rows. They worked on the house, more often than not alone, since the boys and their father spent every spare moment in the fields. There was little music except on Sundays for the Griffith family that year. Annie looked at her hands, which had browned and hardened from the hard work. She was often too exhausted to do more than wash her face.

"It's a shame, Annie, for you to have to work so hard. You will be too tired to teach in the fall." Her mother, exhausted, had had to let Annie take over the heavy scrubbing of the clothes.

"Nonsense," Annie exclaimed, "I can rest all winter. Teaching won't be difficult; it will be fun." To herself, however, she vowed to get out some of her books. She thought she must be forgetting everything she had ever known.

The long ride to the Davis home where the school was held, was beautiful in the fall, but it soon became apparent that Annie could not continue using the small wagon, as it was often needed by the Griffith family. She began riding her horse, which, as winter came, floundered through the drifts, but always brought Annie safely to school. The long ride and the care of the rooms where the school was held, began to wear on Annie, and the teaching itself proved much more strenuous than she had imagined. She had sixteen children in almost half as many grades, and all her inventiveness was soon put to use to keep them all working at the same time. Her brothers and some of the children and she chopped the wood for the two stoves in the two rooms that they used, and often Annie stayed after the children had gone home to clean the rooms for the next day. As the days grew shorter, it was more often than not long after dark before she rode up the lane to the Griffith house.

Her father worried about Annie because, as he expressed it, "Annie, you were slim before, but you're like a willow-wand now." And Annie worried because she was unable to relieve her mother as much as she had during the summer of the heavy household work.

It was in November that Annie received a letter from the Williams family. The letter from Marie she

read first of all. It was full of blots and dashes, but the import sprang from the page. Marie was to be married to Billy Johnson at Christmas time! Christmas time had been chosen especially so that Annie would be free to come for the reception. For Marie could not be married unless Annie was there. Of course, the whole Griffith family was invited. Annie was to stay with them, and if there wasn't room for the whole family there, the others could stay at friends' homes who would be happy at the privilege of having them.

"Annie," the letter concluded, "you can't possibly know how happy I am!"

Annie sat at the kitchen table and re-read the letter. There was no mention of Parker Josephson.

"Of course you must go. They are your second family, and Marie has been a true sister to you." Annie's mother pushed more wood into the stove. "Perhaps we all can go, but, if not, at least you and Papa will make the trip. Let's see, December twenty-second. You can even make it home again without any trouble at all in time for Christmas. If you leave the day after the reception, you'll have an extra day in case you are stopped anywhere by heavy snow."

Annie nodded her head. It would be wonderful to see the Williams again, but she could not think of Marie as married. Marie seemed so young, but, perhaps, she seemed so because they had always treated her so. Her heart couldn't still its excited pounding. One thing spoke itself again and again to Annie. *Marie was not going to marry Parker.*

Annie and her father made the trip quite comfortably to Salt Lake City in December. This was one of the few winters when the snow was not heavy, and the team made good time all the way. Marie overwhelmed Annie with her bubbling excitement. They had had a dress made for Annie, as she was to stand up with Marie at the reception. Annie protested that she had brought her good dress the Williams had been kind enough to have given her the year before, but Sister Williams insisted with such gentle firmness, that Annie decided it would be bad taste not to yield to her pride at such a time. Once she had seen the dress, there was no question of pride. The dress was yards and yards of pale blue sky with a creamy cloud of tucked lace at the throat. Slight alterations were made to give the bodice a perfect fit.

"Annie, you've lost almost an inch at the waist," Aunt Agnes exclaimed disapprovingly, with her mouth full of pins.

Annie slept in their old room with Marie the night before the marriage in the Endowment House, and the reception which was to follow in the evening. Marie wanted to talk and talk about her beloved Billy, but Annie had strict orders that Marie was to go to sleep at once and get her rest.

"You should see the beautiful crystal the Josephsons have given me," Marie exclaimed. Annie waited. "Sister Josephson said that Parker would want his little sister to have a beautiful gift. Her very words. Parker was always so wonderful to us. We both had such

silly crushes on him. Do you remember, Annie, when he . . . ?

"Marie, dear, I promised your mother not to talk, but to let you sleep."

"That's all right, Annie; anyway, you're not talking, I am. Then I'll go straight off to sleep. What was I saying?"

"Something about Parker?" Annie lay staring into the darkness.

"Remember how I always insisted I'd marry Parker when I grew up. It's funny when you really grow up, you find out that you don't decide whom you're going to marry in such a cold-blooded way. I fell in love with Billy. Annie, remember how mean I used to be to him when we were little. He says now I'll have all time and eternity to make it up to him for teasing him so. Oh, I want to be the best possible wife. I know I've been terribly lazy and inefficient as a girl at home, but I'm going to be a real wife to Billy. Do you believe I can be, Annie?"

Annie slipped out of her warm covers and took Marie's hands in her own. "I know you can, Marie. I know you can." Then she kissed her goodnight, and the two girls fell asleep at last.

THE day of Marie's wedding was to remain a blur of excitement for Annie. The house had been polished until it shone and was redolent with delicious odors. The dark, heavily fruited wedding cakes made one's mouth water. But still women continued feverishly to prepare for the reception—last minute flower arrangements, the chairs (many borrowed), the candles, the gowns. Through it all Marie clung to Annie. "I want you near me, Annie. You've always given me some of your strength."

The trip downtown to the Endowment House at last commenced. There was a difference in Marie as soon as the ceremony was actually over. As Marie back at home rested in her room for the reception, Annie sat by the window quietly. Marie did not need her now. Annie had seen her come out of the Lord's House with her arm in Billy Johnson's. Solemnity of wifehood for all eternity rested upon her.

Billy Johnson had grown up considerably since Annie had noticed his early infatuation for Marie, and Marie's constant teasing had nearly broken his heart. His chin was firm now, and his slight build had filled out. How well he looked in his black wedding-day suit! His square shoulders would prove a helpful companion, but not a crutch.

Billy took Annie's hand at the reception. "I have no words proper enough to thank you for the friendship you've shown Marie. I hope our home will be as much yours in the future as the Williams' has been in the past."

Annie only could cling to both their hands for a moment. At last the waltzing began. The drawing room and dining room floors shone like mirrors in the light from the chandeliers. Billy and Marie led the first waltz. Only then did he seem the old Billy to her. He had lost none of his grace on the dance floor.

Marie's face was pretty as a flower, and there were bursts of applause as they circled the room.

Again the evening blurred for Annie. Someone had put a cup of punch in her hand, and she tried to sip it. She wasn't prepared for such festivities, for such a wonder-filled day, for saying goodbye to the girl Marie.

* * * * *

THE day after the reception the Griffiths started home. Again they were able to make good time, though this time the back of the wagon was loaded with supplies and packages, many of which were Christmas gifts from the Williams and other friends. They unloaded the wagon after the boys were safely in bed, since some of the gifts were Christmas surprises for them.

Sister Griffith caught Annie's hand and held her a moment after their family prayer. "Annie, I almost dreaded tonight. I thought you might come back dissatisfied or unhappy with your hard life here, but you have a sweet peace in your face tonight. Your father and I appreciate that, Annie. You are a dear, good daughter."

I have peace in my heart also, Annie's thoughts sang to herself as she kissed her mother goodnight. Peace in my heart.

(*To be continued*)

This Is September

Zara Sabin

It was springtime on the Devon Downs . . .
We rambled in the rain, scarce knowing
And not caring, that the grass
Crushed by our feet, was lush and sweet;
That buttercups and daisies flecked
The meadows where we passed.

You took my hand to lift me from the stile;
Then, hard arms held me and I turned
My glowing face to meet the old
And timeless question which was asked
And answered as I raised my head.
Clear, across the world,

We heard the vesper bells tell out the hour . . . .
Suddenly the air was cold.
A lone lark sang, as it soared away,
A sad and lonely roundelay . . . .
Our close-pressed lips clung closer yet
And with more than rain our cheeks were wet.

Spring's fires linger like a slow-burning ember . . .
Linger and haunt me, though this is September!

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Fanny S. Kienitz

UNIVERSITY STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH) CONDUCTS WORK MEETING May 29, 1956

Front row, seated, left to right: Sarah Barrett, Second Counselor; Ethel Goates, First Counselor; Belle S. Spafford, General President of Relief Society; Fanny S. Kienitz, President, University Stake Relief Society.

Second row, seated, left to right. Elsie Belliston, literature class leader; Etta Cowles, *Magazine* representative; Flora Woolf, theology class leader; Eva Heaton, Secretary; Erma Kunzler, social science class leader; Clara Swan, work meeting leader; Annie Jensen, chorister; Beth Warnick, organist.

Back row, standing, left to right, ward presidents: Olive Coombs, Elizabeth Zwahlen, Johannah Simmons, Florence Wiseman, Virginia James, Annie Ballantyne, Mae Brunker, Maud Woolley.

President Kienitz reports a successful and happy work meeting: "All eight wards

were represented. The day began at ten A.M. Invocation was offered by Grace Colton of the University Ward presidency. Each ward planned its own work, which included: quilting, textile painting, crocheting slippers, making flowers, hot pads, animal toys, etc. The stake board displayed articles which could be made by the Relief Societies, if they desired. There was also a display on food preparation. Book binding was under the direction of the stake board. Stake chorister Annie Jensen played her accordion and led the women in community singing while they worked during part of the morning hours. We were pleased to have Blanche Stoddard of the general board of Relief Society with us in the morning. General President Belle S. Spafford met with us at the lunch hour, and also our Stake President, W. W. Kirton Jr. The stake board served lunch to approximately 225 women . . . . After lunch the women of the University Ward sang a song they had composed about the shirts they were sewing for welfare. Two numbers, one a novelty song, were presented by the West Twelfth Ward trio, Violet Reese, Lillian Holmberg, and Rosa Phillips. Sister Holmberg then played two violin selections.

"President Kienitz presented President Spafford with an orchid and a check for $370 to be used to help furnish the new Relief Society Building. We were honored to have President Spafford tell us some of her experiences in regard to the building."

Photograph submitted by Della H. Teeter

DENVER STAKE (COLORADO) PRESENTS NARRATION "THE NEW WITNESS FOR CHRIST" AT VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION
May 29, 1956

Front row, seated, left to right: Gladys Rusk, visiting teacher message leader; Mollie E. Richardson, First Counselor; Della H. Teeter, President; J. R. Barnes, narrator; Leona Haslam, Second Counselor, director of the narration; Amy Novokarich, narrator, literature class leader, Aileen Brown, organist; Reta Beck, chorister and director of Singing Mothers.

President Teeter reports that the summer visiting teacher messages were introduced at this convention, and the Singing Mothers presented the music and choral readings.

Photograph submitted by Eva H. Jensen

MORGAN STAKE (UTAH), MILTON WARD VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE A ONE HUNDRED PER CENT RECORD FOR EIGHT YEARS

Front row, seated, left to right: Helen Daw; Eunice Lake; Nettie Gordor; May Thurston; Norine Giles, President; Clara Mecham; Reta Mecham, visiting teacher message leader; Alice Mecham; Annie Taylor.

Back row, standing, left to right: Verna Nelson; Olga Hannum; Ella Barnum; Catherine Madson; Hazel Spendlove, Second Counselor; Laura Spendlove, First Counselor; Larrine Preece; Helen Nelson; Ada Mecham; Ireta Jenson; Ida Mae Clark; Della Spendlove; Lola Gordor; Ella Jones.

Eva H. Jensen is president of Morgan Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Nettie P. Smoot

NORTHERN STATES MISSION, NAUVOO (ILLINOIS) RELIEF SOCIETY ORGANIZED

Left to right: Melinda Flake, Counselor, Nauvoo District Relief Society; Nellie Gano, Counselor, Nauvoo District Relief Society; Rena B. Custer, President, Nauvoo

District Relief Society; Annie R. Call, Second Counselor, Northern States Mission Relief Society; Nettie P. Smoot, President, Northern States Mission Relief Society; Betty Cahoon, First Counselor, Northern States Mission Relief Society; Reva Wicker, Second Counselor, Nauvoo Branch Relief Society; Mary A. Busard, President, Nauvoo Branch Relief Society.

Margie Cox, First Counselor, and Naomi Cox Payne, Secretary of the Nauvoo Branch Relief Society, were not present when the picture was taken.

President Nettie P. Smoot reports this historic event: "'The Spirit of God Like a Fire Is Burning' has served as the opening song for two historic Relief Society meetings in Nauvoo. In 1842, this grand hymn was sung as the opening song of a meeting in which the Relief Society was first organized under the direction of the Prophet Joseph Smith. And now, many years later, it has again been used to open a meeting of Relief Society sisters. This event is deeply significant, for it makes the first time in over a hundred years, yes, the first time since that cold winter evening when the Mormon settlers were driven from their Nauvoo homes, that there has been a Relief Society organization in this historic city.

"At this time eleven sisters gathered and, with the approval of President Isaac A. Smoot and Nettie P. Smoot of the Northern States Mission, they organized the Nauvoo Branch Relief Society in the old John Taylor home."

Photograph submitted by Ethel E. Blomquist

SWEDISH MISSION, STOCKHOLM DISTRICT, DISPLAY OF HANDWORK

Sister Edith Nilsson, Stockholm District leader, is shown with the district handwork display, which she supervised. Exquisite figurines, a lovely quilt, beautiful embroidery, and other types of fine needlework are represented in the picture.

Ethel E. Blomquist is former president of the Swedish Mission Relief Society. The new president is Ruth T. Oscarson.

Photograph submitted by Emma L. Stephens

LORIN FARR STAKE (UTAH), OGDEN SEVENTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY HONORS FORMER PRESIDENTS AT ANNIVERSARY PARTY

Front row, seated, left to right: Ora Macfarlane (1939-1941); Trilbie Nicholas (1936-1939); Annie Slater (February to May 1936); Mamie Stone (1931-1936).

Back row, standing, left to right: Maurine Christensen (1954-); Marva Ralph (1949-1954); Mary Radmall (1946-1949); Hattie Read (1944-1946); Hazel Owen (1941-1944).

Insets: Deceased Presidents Rosetta Shaw, left, and Julie Farr, right.

All of the living presidents of this ward still reside within the ward boundaries.

Emma L. Stephens is president of Lorin Farr Stake Relief Society.

BIG HORN STAKE (WYOMING) VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION, June 5, 1956

Helena D. Belnap, President, Big Horn Stake Relief Society, reports an unusually successful convention which featured several talks on the various phases of the work of the visiting teachers. Music was presented by the Singing Mothers and a special scriptural reading was given by Plet Avery, President, Basin Ward Relief Society. Sister Vada Tirrell, stake visiting teacher supervisor, in her address of appreciation, honored a number of the visiting teachers who had served for many years: Julia Despain (fifty-nine years); Malita Jolley, Elizabeth Snell, Salley Griffin, Ann Meeks, and Myra Allphin (fifty years). Thirteen sisters were reported as having served between forty and forty-eight years, and forty sisters as having served from thirty to thirty-nine years.

Sister Belnap reports: "As a special recognition to the sisters who had served from forty-five years through fifty-nine years, we presented each one of them with the official Relief Society pin; and a white carnation was presented to those who had served from forty to forty-four years. The song "How Lovely Are the Messengers," sung by our Singing Mothers, was dedicated to all of our visiting teachers.

"We paid tribute to all our visiting teachers and to all of the Relief Society sisters for their love and devotion to this work . . . . Each of the wards exhibited some of the loveliest handwork that we have ever seen. It was wonderful the way each of the wards responded to our request for such displays, and it was simply grand to be together in this convention."

Rememberings

Christie Lund Coles

Each of us bears his rememberings
Of the valley's slope or the mountain's cleft;
Each carries the memory in himself
Which leaves him sustained or bereft;
You may recall the geese returning,
I, how they left.

I, how the autumn curved above
The lake in frail and transient tulle;
The way the muted music sang
In lowering streams . . . that once were full;
Aware of the misted air above me,
Swift now, and cool.

I will recall the swallows leaving,
How fragrant summer turned to pass
Over the meadow, dark and fallow,
Over the seared and withered grass,
Aware, aware of the soft leaves grieving,
Like tinkling glass.

The First Plum

Kathryn Tanner

So red, so round and beautiful—
We handled it with care,
And felt that we had never seen
Its equal anywhere.
When my two youngsters brought it in,
Their faces all alight—
"Look, Mom, a plum; it's off our tree!
You get the biggest bite!"
I viewed that plum, then thought of when
We'd planted just a stick
And watched the tree develop;
Now the trunk was firm and thick.
The luscious fruit we tasted then
Was proof enough to me
Our efforts in the orchard
Had turned out successfully.
And as I munched with my young sons,
I said a little prayer
That the saplings God has given me
May grow as straight and fair.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 43—The Nephites and Lamanites Become a United People

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Text: The Book of Mormon: Fourth Nephi)

For Tuesday, December 4, 1956

Objective: To show that peace and happiness come to individuals and nations through living the gospel of Christ in unity.

Church of Christ Flourishes

IN Fourth Nephi, Mormon who abridged the Plates of Nephi as The Book of Mormon, which we know, summarizes in four pages the history of the Nephites and Lamanites from about 35 A.D. to 321 A.D., a period of about two hundred and eighty-six years. Details concerning their religious, social, and political life were eliminated. The original history of the period under discussion was written by four prophets: Nephi, son of the disciple Nephi; Amos, son of Nephi; Amos, son of Amos; and Ammaron, brother of Amos. Ammaron ". . . being constrained by the Holy Ghost . . ." (4 Nephi 48) hid all the sacred records ". . . up unto the Lord . . ." (4 Nephi 49).

All Things Had in Common

Nephi, son of Nephi, one of the disciples of Christ, was historian from about 34 A.D. to 111 A.D., a period of about seventy-six years. It was a period of righteousness which resulted in peace and happiness among the Nephites and Lamanites, who became a united people. The ability to unite was a result of their having transformed their lives by living the gospel Jesus had taught them. ". . . Every man," wrote the historian, "did deal justly one with another. And they had all things common among them; therefore there were not rich and poor, bond and free, but they were all made free, and partakers of the heavenly gift" (4 Nephi 2-3).

It resulted in a period of great growth and development. The peo-

ple rebuilt many of the cites that had been destroyed at the time of the crucifixion of Jesus on the eastern hemisphere, including the great city of Zarahemla. They were not able to rebuild all of the cities, however, because some had been covered by water. ". . . The people of Nephi did wax strong, and did multiply exceedingly fast, and became an exceedingly fair and delightsome people" (4 Nephi 10).

And they did not walk any more after the performances and ordinances of the law of Moses; but they did walk after the commandments which they had received from their Lord and their God, continuing in fasting and prayer, and in meeting together oft both to pray and to hear the word of the Lord (4 Nephi 12).

With a united people serving God by doing that which was just, the disciples of Jesus did many marvelous works; they healed the sick, raised the dead, made the lame to walk, the blind to see, and the deaf to hear, ". . . and in nothing did they work miracles save it were in the name of Jesus" (4 Nephi 5).

Two Hundred Years of Righteousness

When a hundred years had passed away, ". . . the disciples of Jesus, whom he had chosen, had all gone to the paradise of God, save it were the three who should tarry; and there were other disciples ordained in their stead . . ." (4 Nephi 14).

Fourth Nephi, impressed with the blessings God had given his people, wrote:

And it came to pass that there was no contention in the land, because of the love of God which did dwell in the hearts of the people.

And there were no envyings, nor strifes, nor tumults, nor whoredoms, nor lyings, nor murders, nor any manner of lasciviousness; and surely there could not be a happier people among all the people who had been created by the hand of God.

There were no robbers, nor murderers, neither were there Lamanites, nor any manner of -ites; but they were in one, the children of Christ, and heirs to the kingdom of God.

And how blessed were they! For the Lord did bless them in all their doings; yea, even they were blessed and prospered until an hundred and ten years had passed away; and the first generation from Christ has passed away, and there was no contention in all the land (4 Nephi 15-18).

Amos, son of Nephi, in 111 A.D. became historian and kept the records in his father's stead. He was historian for eighty-four years. Summarizing what Amos engraved on the plates of Nephi, Mormon wrote:

. . . and there was still peace in the land, save it were a small part of the people who had revolted from the church and taken upon them the name of Lamanites; therefore there began to be Lamanites again in the land (4 Nephi 20).

This is all we know about this great people during this period of time, 111 A.D. to 194 A.D.

Amos, Son of Amos, Keeps the Record

Upon the death of Amos in 194 A.D., his son Amos became the keeper of the record ". . . and he [also] kept it upon the plates of Nephi" (4 Nephi 19). During the one hundred and twelve years he served as historian (194 A.D. through 305 A.D.) ". . . the people had multiplied, insomuch that they were spread upon all the face of the land,

and that they had become exceeding rich, because of their prosperity in Christ" (4 Nephi 23). But wickedness crept in among them in the form of pride, ". . . wearing of costly apparel, and all manner of fine pearls, and the fine things of the world" (4 Nephi 24). From this time of wickedness they ceased to have their goods in common and they divided into classes. Some of the people denied the true church of Christ and built up other churches, ". . . to get gain . . ." (4 Nephi 26). Members of the iniquitous churches soon ". . . did persecute the true church of Christ, because of their humility and their belief in Christ; and they did despise them because of the many miracles which were wrought among them" (4 Nephi 29). They threw the disciples into prisons, into furnaces of fire, and into dens of wild beasts, but the disciples, ". . . by the power of the word of God, which was in them . . ." (4 Nephi 30) came forth unharmed.

Degeneracy Among Nephites

Increasing wickedness among those who did not belong to the true Church of Christ led to a great division among the people in 231 A.D. The first group, the Nephites, included the Nephites, Jacobites, Josephites, and Zoramites. Among them were the ". . . three disciples of Jesus who should tarry . . ." (4 Nephi 37). The second group, those who rejected the Church of Christ were called Lamanites, Lemuelites, and Ishmaelites. ". . . They did not dwindle in unbelief, but they did wilfully rebel against the gospel of Christ . . ." (4 Nephi 38).

. . . And they were taught to hate the children of God, even as the Lamanites were taught to hate the children of Nephi from the beginning (4 Nephi 39).

They soon exceeded in number the Nephites and ". . . began again to build up the secret oaths and combinations of Gadianton" (4 Nephi 42).

And the Nephites ". . . began to be proud in their hearts, because of their exceeding riches, and become vain like unto their brethren, the Lamanites" (4 Nephi 43), which brought to the disciples ". . . sorrow for the sins of the world" (4 Nephi 44). By 300 A.D. ". . . both the people of Nephi and the Lamanites had become exceeding wicked one like unto another" (4 Nephi 45).

The robbers of Gadianton flourished and ". . . spread over all the face of the land; and there were none that were righteous save it were the disciples of Jesus . . ." (4 Nephi 46). The people had gold in abundance, and ". . . did traffic in all manner of traffic" (4 Nephi 46).

Ammaron, Keeper of the Record

It was at this time that Amos died and the record was given to his brother Ammaron. Ammaron, fifteen years later, constrained by the Holy Ghost, buried the records in Hill Shim and instructed Mormon concerning the plates.

During the two hundred and eighty-six years covering this period, the people experienced peace and prosperity and the Church flourished as long as they were living the commandments of the Lord and dealing justly with one another. Then they fell from the heights of

happiness to the depths of wickedness when pride and other evils developed among them.

We know God rules in the affairs of men and nations cannot sin with impunity because when they become ripe in iniquity their sins destroy them.

Mormon concludes the Book of Fourth Nephi with the words about the record:

> And he [Ammaron] did hide them up unto the Lord, that they might come again unto the remnant of the house of Jacob, according to the prophecies and the promises of the Lord. And thus is the end of the record of Ammaron (4 Nephi 49).

Questions on the Lesson

1. Why did the united Nephites and Lamanites prosper for two centuries?
2. What kind of economic order existed among the Nephites and Lamanites in the first and second centuries after Christ?
3. What factors contributed to the decline of the Church of Christ?
4. How can this evil that ushered in the decadence of the Nephites also ruin our individual lives?

Visiting Teacher Messages—
Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 43—"But Charity Is the Pure Love of Christ, and It Endureth Forever; and Whoso Is Found Possessed of It at the Last Day, It Shall Be Well With Him" (Moroni 7:47).

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, December 4, 1956

Objective: To stress the great importance of developing charity.

MUCH has been said and written concerning charity, but Mormon's definition, as recorded by his son, Moroni, is clearly expressed. We are deeply moved by Mormon's earnest appeal that his people seek this divine attribute, and we realize how diligent we, too, should be in cultivating this quality.

If charity is the pure love of Christ, or even might we say if it is the kind of love that Christ has, then nothing could be more precious than its possession! Surely if we love Christ with a pure love and thus acquire the kind of love he has, all will indeed be well with us.

Mormon reminds us that to gain faith and hope one must first be meek and lowly of heart, and in order to be meek and lowly of heart, one must have charity. Paul the apostle tells us that of the three—faith, hope, and charity—charity is the greatest. It seems, then, to be one of the paramount qualifications for a righteous life. Paul's inspiring discourse on the subject of charity always stirs within us an appreciation for this virtue. To quote in part:

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things (I Cor. 13:4-7).

In order to possess the pure love of Christ, we cannot be calloused to the needs of others, nor unmindful of rendering any loving service. Charity is unselfishness and a willingness to forgive. It is the underlying principle of the Golden Rule.

Giving of our substance to those in want is just one phase of charity, and the giving must be performed ungrudgingly to be worthy this word.

It is possible for one to comply with the letter of the law, and yet be lacking in charity. The spirit of the law of charity covers all who possess it with a mantle of compassion. Mormon tells us, if we have not charity, we are nothing — our words, our deeds, our offerings — none are acceptable unless clothed with charity.

Charity is the dominant theme of the Relief Society, and it is expected that members of this organization abound in feelings and works which are characteristic of this quality. Visiting teachers, particularly, are commissioned to exercise this blessed attribute in their visits. Said Jesus, "Ye shall do the works which ye see me do." These are the grand key words of the Relief Society as declared by the Prophet Joseph Smith.

. . . Wherefore, cleave unto charity, which is the greatest of all . . . (Moroni 7:46).

By so doing it shall be well with us.

Work Meeting—Food Preparation and Service

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 3—Party Refreshments

Rhea H. Gardner

For Tuesday, December 11, 1956

WHOLESOME party refreshments should do just what the name implies; they should refresh those who partake of them. They need not be elaborate, highly decorative, nor unique in composition. Simple foods, prepared tastefully in attractive ways, and served in an atmosphere that is unhurried and undisturbed, do more to make refreshments refreshing than all the elaborate details.

Before planning refreshments, therefore, it is important to thoughtfully consider: who will attend the party; what time of the day will the refreshments be served; how much time can I afford to give to the pre-preparation, and the preparation just prior to serving time; and

healthwise, what will my guests enjoy most?

A gracious hostess knows that there is an attractive way to serve everything, and that all foods could be party foods if prepared and served daintily and at the right time and place. In planning her party, she thinks first of the pleasure of her guests. One hostess served the birthday party guests of her five-year-old son, cream tomato soup sprinkled with finely chopped parsley and animal cutouts of cheese-flavored biscuit dough. For dessert, she cut the tops off oranges, scooped out the center, then refilled them with diced fresh fruits. The fruit basket was topped with a small scoop of ice cream and a maraschino cherry.

If your guests are teenagers, who never seem able to get quite enough to satisfy their ravenous appetites, plan to serve hearty dishes. Plenty of good tasty food means more to them than the daintiness of it.

As we grow older, our needs for food decrease, and our ability to digest some of them becomes somewhat of a problem. It is at this age that many party-goers almost dread the time to come when refreshments are served. In many cases they are too rich, too hard to digest, and just plain-too-much.

The time planned for serving refreshments must also be given consideration. If you plan to serve a complete meal, notify your guests of it and plan the serving time as near the time of regular meals as possible.

Choose refreshments that are to be served after ten in the evening, except to teenagers or persons with exceptionally hearty appetites, that are light calorie-wise and easy to digest. Midafternoon refreshments seldom need to consist of more than one or two items, both of which should be more refreshing than filling.

The time needed for last-minute preparation of refreshments is important. Too often, hostesses spend the greater part of the party time in the kitchen or hurrying back and forth. Plan refreshments that will require a minimum of last-minute preparation.

Beverages are usually important for party refreshments. Choose a kind that will help to give balance to the rest of the meal. A cup of rich chocolate is almost a meal in itself. A too-sweet or too-sour punch served with a too-sweet dessert is not in good taste. The dominating flavor of any fruit drink should be the natural fruit flavor. Punch made from a blend of fruit juices with little or no sugar added, makes a refreshing drink. In many instances, the only beverage that is needed is clear, cold water.

Apply the same rules in planning refreshments for your party as are recommended for regular meals. Don't be afraid to personalize your refreshments by doing something different. Make entertaining a challenging, refreshing experience by serving refreshments that your friends haven't thought of. Whatever your refreshments may be, make them truly refreshing.

Note: "Refreshments for Entertaining," by Rhea H. Gardner, page 608, in this issue of the *Magazine*.

Literature—Shakespeare in Our Lives

Lesson 3—Shakespeare's Poetic Power

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *Shakespeare Major Plays and the Sonnets*, by G. B. Harrison, Harcourt, Brace & Company, 1948)

For Tuesday, December 18, 1956

Objective: To feel more profoundly the peculiar power and mystery of Shakespeare's poetry that we might read his works with enlarged understandings and hearts.

A new approach to Shakespeare has been the major contribution of 20th century scholarship. It holds that plot and character are important but secondary: the dramatic intensity of the play itself is best sensed in the dense verbal texture of the *words* as spoken by Shakespeare's characters. The *emotion* lying deep within the situation is evoked by the words, not by plot or character, which themselves come to the reader through Shakespeare's poetic concentration and imagery. We cannot remind ourselves too often or earnestly, then, that Shakespeare the poet, is the very heart of Shakespeare the dramatist. To understand Shakespeare we must constantly work downward from the surface of his poetry, phrase, image, and symbol. In his words lies the key.

The Nature of Poetry

Macaulay says, "By poetry we mean the art of employing words in such a manner as to produce an illusion on the imagination, the art of doing by means of words what the painter does by means of color." Hallmarks of poetry are brilliance, freshness, power, condensation. It has a high singing all its own which can no more be defined than denied, as in:

> When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
> And they did make no noise.
> *Merchant of Venice*, V. 2.3

These beautifully simple lines catch the tranquil silence as only lovers of nature can hear it. Likewise it is the words which reveal Macbeth's fears that Duncan, whom he is to murder, had lived so meek and clear a life as king that:

> . . . his virtues
> Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued against
> The deep damnation of his taking-off.
> And pity, like a naked newborn babe,
> Striding the blast, or Heaven's cherubin horsed
> Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
> Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye
> That tears shall drown the wind.
> *Macbeth*, I, 7. 18-25

Again, this passage itself embodies Macbeth's eloquent fear in exalted,

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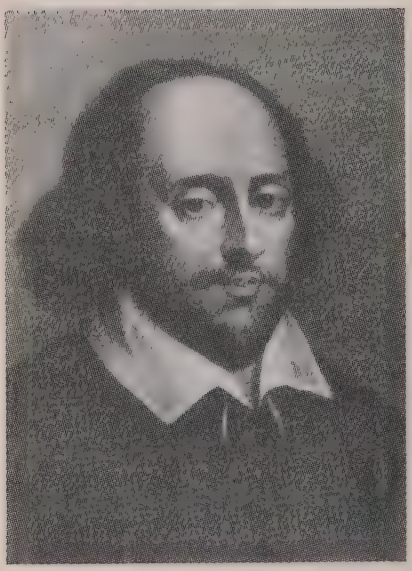
impassioned imagery. Note the similarities between such a passage and one of Shakespeare's best sonnets:

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
Oh no! It is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken.
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.
Sonnet 116

Here Shakespeare blends together into a perfect oneness—concise statement (first sentence); play on words (love-love, alters-alteration, remover, remove); simile Love is mark, or star; not a fool); personification (Father Time with his sickle); intellectual wit-turn (last couplet). So skilled is Shakespeare's craft that we are scarcely aware of *what* blends the whole together; namely, rhythm (it is the star to every wandering bark); and rhyme (at the ends of alternating lines: minds-finds, love-remove, mark-bark, shaken-taken, etc). Yet each blender, each part, though definable on the surface, speaks to something deep within us, something which can be expressed in no other way.

In Shakespeare's sonnets we find some of the best and purest poetry in our literature. Yet, for those familiar with these poems, careful attention is required when they are



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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

reread. For those experiencing them for the first time, they may seem difficult. Here the standard recipe holds: read and reread aloud, then to oneself, relating each difficult line or image to that which precedes and that which follows, until its relation to the whole becomes apparent and the poem as an artistic unit "jells" into completeness. At the risk of stating the obvious, let us then paraphrase the above sonnet, realizing as well that the entire poem is the only acceptable summary of itself.

The theme of the poem is love's constancy despite adversities and the ravages of time. "Marriage of true minds" makes love a spiritualized blending of like forces rather than a physical union. That love is not true which changes when it finds in the lover changes or flaws not at first apparent, or which—instead of resisting one who belittles or removes charm or beauty from the beloved—actually joins with the remover in the very process of taking away. By contrast, true love cannot be shaken by tempests; it is the star which guides every small craft at sea as the mariner sights the star and records its height in appreciation and trust, disregarding the detail of whether it is a star named or unknown. Though Time's sickle harvests rosy lips and soft cheeks, it can never harvest love, which is not Time's lackey or fool, because true love is not changed by Time's passing, but remains unchanged until judgment day. Should any skeptic succeed in proving this view of love false, he must also disprove the obvious fact that I (Shakespeare) have just written this poem, or, more impossible, prove that no man has ever been in love.

Equally famous, and perhaps somewhat easier to understand on first reading is sonnet 55:

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme.
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statutes overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth. Your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lover's eyes.

Herein the theme is the immortality of love, preserved not in the beloved, nor in stone monuments, but hereafter in the sonnet itself as well as in all lovers' eyes. Shakespeare's beloved will be immortalized in bright memory by the sonnet, while gilded monuments or monuments scarred by time's neglect will have passed on. Neither war nor the fires of war shall destroy the loved one who shall prove victorious over death and indifferent fate, to be praised by all posterity.

Note the accumulative power Shakespeare achieves by repeating the letter *s* in the following lines:

> But you shall shine more bright in these contents
> Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time.

The image in the last line is irresistible, largely because Shakespeare chose exactly the right words working in harmonious combination of visual and aural image until it registers forcibly on our inner self as the bulky, awkward paraphrase or a more literal rendering never could! Note also how much force is contributed to the following line by the key word *wasteful,* which, in turn, blends in alliterative harmony with *When* and *war;* likewise in the next line the two strong words are the noun *broils* and the verb-adverb *root out.* "Living record of your memory" is a combination far more powerful than any of its key words spoken separately.

Thus poetry gives a charm, a delight, and a penetration to intuitive, perceptive depths of the mind such as can come from no other experience in life nor from any other art-form. These preceding examples are poetry, all containing the same material—words—and appealing to the same object. They speak of the deep-smouldering fires and unconscious realities within us all which are so rarely acknowledged and fed as only the greatest poetry can feed them. As we have just proved, the texture and resonance of true poetry is undefinable, yet two tools are common throughout: condensation and imagery. Often these are the same.

Poetic Imagery

Just as Shakespeare is useful on the common level of our normal small-talk, so he becomes indispensable whenever a larger emotion or conflict or characterization is to be communicated. To effect these miracles in words, Shakespeare uses imagery, composed of metaphor and simile, which are two forms of comparison. *Metaphor* simply says one thing is another: "Our bodies are our gardens" (*Othello* I. 3. 324). Simile is a figure of speech in which *like* or *as* is always present: "His nose was as sharp as a pen" (*King Henry V.* II. 3. 17). Here lie some of poetry's most powerful tools. The poet's most vigorous, creative impulse finds expression in metaphor, which not only gives fresh expression to his inner self, but, by his new association, he endows dead objects with life, animals with human traits. Conversely, on every hand his images reveal truths or likenesses which ordinarily lie dormant beneath the shallow levels on which we live. Metaphor deals in word-magic, for it goes beyond or below our logic or reason to appeal to other realms and values in us, we know

not why or how. As L. C. Knight states in his *Wheel of Fire*:

> The Shakespeare world is not the world we see, but it is . . . the inner world we experience, the world we live and fear . . . .

Excerpts From Plays

To illustrate Mr. Knight's point, let us examine various images from the plays, reminding ourselves that, literally, a play is only a certain combination of words which is unique within itself because it obeys its own inner laws; for reasons not to be expressed, a metaphor within a play is "right"; and this "rightness" occurs frequently in Shakespeare.

Analyze and communicate, if you will, the following famous image from *Troilus and Cressida*:

> Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back
> Wherein he puts alms for oblivion.
> III. 3. 145-146

The first thing we learn about experiencing this image is that, in order for it to speak to us, we must give it our complete concentration. Here Shakespeare's words mean so much more than they say: is he telling us that hypocritical Time will accept our bribes which we childishly believe will guarantee our being remembered, while actually only darkness lies ahead? Regardless, we'll agree that such a marvelous image provokes us to project our thoughts into realms as difficult to acknowledge and solve as our own personal tensions.

Food is useful to Shakespeare in defining moral qualities, as when he has a character in *As You Like It* point out that, though "honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar," yet "to cast away honesty upon a foul slut" is "to put good meat into an unclean dish" (III. 3). Such a comparison sings in our memories; we see it in our mind's eye. Again his comparison deftly sums up the heart of truth.

While we must constantly be aware that we must not be nearly so concerned with what Shakespeare made his poetry out of as what he made it into, it is nonetheless interesting to observe how many characters and fields of knowledge he had to know intimately in order to create the following images. Consider Lear's terrible description of his daughter Goneril:

> Thou art a boil,
> A plague sore, an embossed carbuncle,
> In my corrupted blood.
> *King Lear*, II. 4. 226

Juliet, awaiting Romeo, finds her vigil wearing:

> So tedious is this day
> As is the night before some festival
> To an impatient child that hath new robes
> And may not wear them.
> *Romeo and Juliet* III. 2.28

While "Love comforteth, like sun-shine after rain," (*Venus and Adonis*),

Love is:

> like a child,
> That longs for everything that he can come by.
> *Two Gentlemen of Verona* III. 1.124-125

Foolish love is:

> like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
> And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!
> *Ibid.*, I. 2.58, 59

And how deceived is Othello when he speaks of his beloved Iago as "an honest man" who:

. . . hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.
Othello, V. 2. 148

How tender is young love as spoken by Juliet: how fully her imagery gives expression to her emotion:

Give me my Romeo; and when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
Romeo and Juliet III. 2. 21-25

But for sheer power, and expression of the surging vitality which is Shakespeare's greatest enduring gift, nothing compares to the violent images of the near-maddened King Lear as he wanders grief-crazed in the open fields during a storm, which but prepares us for Lear's own terrifying outbursts of pain as he defies nature to rival the intensity of his own heart-struck injuries. Listen as Lear speaks:

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! Rage! Blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drenched our steeples, drowned the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Smite flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's molds, all germens spill at once . . . .
Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire, Spout, rain!
King Lear, III. 2, 1-8, 14

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Were the most vivid images or words to have been underlined, almost a solid black line would have been necessary. But three seem most piercingly to communicate Lear's defiant frustrations: a) "You sulphurous and thought-executing fires." Who can react to raw, open blaze other than emotionally? b) "Smite flat the thick rotundity o' the world!" This image gives to Lear's wrath the stature, the vast cosmic power of thunder so potent as to flatten the curved, thick earth; c) "Rumble thy bellyful!" Rumble contains within itself the very sound it defines, while *bellyful* is not so much vulgar as expressing a rude, healthy awareness of reality which no synonym can begin to approximate; the two words together in their aural and visual images crescendo to the point of fury and contempt which Lear felt. *Spit! spout!* in their staccato brevity further drive home the climax-nail with Thor hammer-blows. All in all, this passage contains the essence of ravaging, naked fury—not done with scenery, nor costume, nor brassy sound-effects, but with words.

Shakespeare's Songs

To end on a calmer note, we should recall that Shakespeare lived in the golden age of English music when almost everyone played an instrument, just as all of us now play the radio or TV, and hired musicians played for patrons who were at the barber's:

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,

And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.
Merchant of Venice, V. 1. 83-88

Shakespeare's music is best expressed in *Romeo and Juliet* and, excluding the sonnets which contain some of our most exquisite poetry, in the songs from various plays: "Who is Sylvia?" (from *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, IV. 2. 39); "Spring" and "Winter" (When Icicles Hang by the Wall) (from *Love's Labor's Lost*, V. 2. 904); "Under the Greenwood Tree (II. 5); and "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind" (from *As You Like It.*) *The Tempest* contains almost enough music to justify likening it to a symphony. For evoking a mood of eerie mystery nothing can surpass:

Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made,
Those are pearls that were his eyes.
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell:
(Burden.) Dingdong!
Hark! Now I hear them—Dingdong, bell!
The Tempest, I. 2. 396-404

Shakespeare loved nature as he loved music. The two are combined in one of his best-loved lyrics, also from *The Tempest*, which for simple beauty and gentle peace, is unrivaled:

Where the bee sucks, there suck I.
In a cowslip's bell I lie,
There I couch when owls do cry . . .
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.
The Tempest, V, 1. 88-94

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Deseret News Press

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Thoughts for Discussion

1. Discuss the values and dangers of reading Shakespeare vs. *reading about* him.
2. Why is it that our greatest dramas are written in poetic form?
3. As a key to understanding Shakespeare, which is more important: words, plot, or character?
4. Why do Shakespeare's images and comparisons tell us more about ourselves than we can ever know otherwise?

SOCIAL SCIENCE LATTER-DAY SAINT FAMILY LIFE

No lesson is planned for December in this department, due to the holiday season.

The Joy of Early Rising

Mildred Higgins

WE are told in the Doctrine and Covenants that we should arise early, that our minds and bodies may be invigorated.

I am, by nature, an early riser. To slip quietly out of bed while the rest of the family lies sleeping in the early morning hours, is the privilege of a mother. It is my privilege, and I am eternally grateful for it. I dress hastily and walk through the back door into our yard. The air is so filled with the songs of birds that they seem to be trying to outdo each other in praising their Creator. The green leaves are lightened by the far-reaching rays of the sun which is not yet above the horizon. The air at this hour is so fresh that I can scarcely breath deep enough to do it justice. At their very best are the roses — suspended perfectly in the cross-currents of rising dew, descending sunlight, and the crisp but gentle breath of the morning itself. They, like the honey-

suckle, send their lovely aroma heavenward in praise of their Creator.

It seems as if the earth itself is saying; "This is my most perfect hour — drink of it, for it is a tonic which will carry you through the heat of the noonday with a light step and a joyful heart. Now go into the midst of those who love you and minister to their needs, rejoicing and starting this day right!"

Looking upward at the clear blue of heaven, my heart holds a prayer of gratitude and petition that I might not mar the remainder of a day that begins so perfectly. That, instead, I may be granted the wisdom to enhance it somewhere along the way.

Much has been spoken and written about the place of the woman in a home —to make her home a haven of rest for her returning husband and children. It seems to me that something may be said about the joyful responsibility that a woman has in the morning — to help her family face the day with high courage and a splendid faith. Many hundreds of years ago King Lemuel had something to say about this in his praise of a virtuous woman. One of his statements reads like this: "She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household . . . (Proverbs 31:15).

Flower of Light

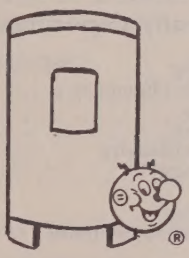
Eva Willes Wangsgaard

My father walked at chore time
Within a flower of light;
A lantern's smoky petals
Befriended him at night.

And when the chores were finished
He held the little bloom
Till an oil-lamp's golden tulip
Shone softly round the room.

No garden I remember
Could yield such lovely flowers
As these that shed their radiance
On childhood's evening hours.

ELECTRIC WATER HEATING



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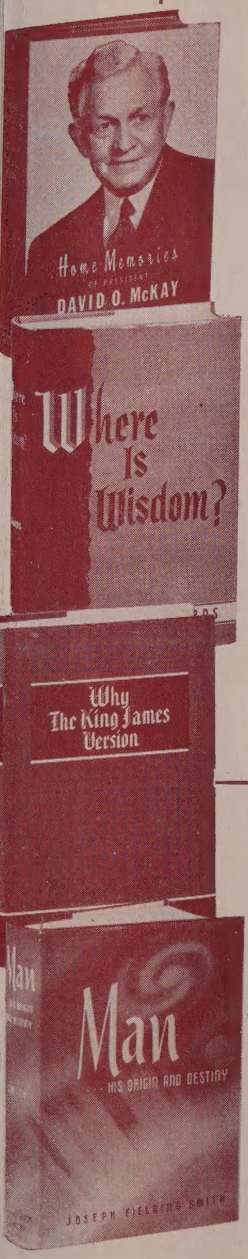

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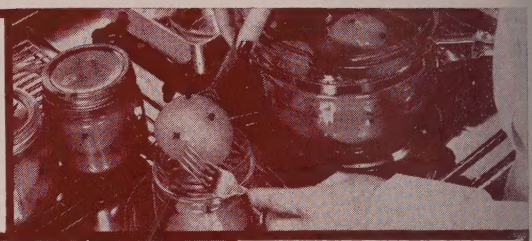

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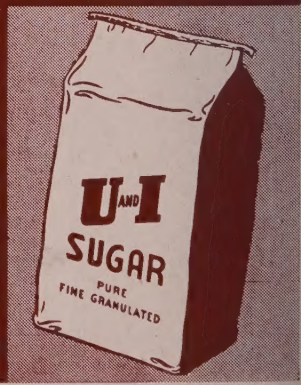
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